LOOK

25 CENTS • AUGUST 24, 1965

KENNEDY

Second in the great series: His suspicion of newspapers ▪ His distrust of doctors ▪ His votes against his father's pocketbook

The changing world of JAPANESE WOMEN

ADLAI STEVENSON'S LAST ARTICLE

Outline for a New American Policy

[redacted]

Del Monte
BRAND
QUALITY
PINEAPPLE

sizzle it,

Del Monte Pineapple Chunks, franks and parboiled vegetables make super Kebabs. For basting, mix 3 Tbsps. oil, 1 diced onion, 1 clove garlic, 1 sliced lemon, 1 tsp. salt, 2 Tbsps. Worcestershire, 1 tsp. prepared mustard, 1/2 cup *each* Del Monte Catsup and syrup from pineapple; simmer 20 min. (Makes 1 cup.) Brush on Kebabs; broil.

smother it,

Pineapple Dessert Dumplings! In 8" bake pan, mix Del Monte Pineapple Tidbits and syrup from No. 2 can, 1 cup sugar, 2 tsps. lemon juice, 1/4 tsp. salt, 1/2 tsp. *each* whole allspice and shredded lemon rind. Simmer 5 min. Top with 6 portions dumpling dough. (Stir well 1 cup biscuit mix, 1/2 tsp. nutmeg, 6 Tbsps. milk.) Bake 25 min. at 400° F.

stagger it–

For each serving of this picture-pretty salad, you'll want 2 slices of Del Monte Pineapple, 1 slice of tomato, 1 ring of green pepper, 1/2 cup of cottage cheese and a garnish of pimiento and watercress. Top with a dollop of mayonnaise, if desired.

do it with Del Monte® Pineapple and you do your very best

This world-famous hairdresser tells why...

John Garrison of Garrison-Ramon Salons, New York and Chicago, uses color to personalize hair design.

why you should use a special colorfast shampoo if you color or lighten your hair

"Naturally, when you've found the hair color you're happiest with, you don't want to see it changed by shampooing," says John Garrison. "Using the right shampoo—*colorfast* shampoo—is especially important for the soft, muted colors most women prefer today. And *Clairol* is the colorfast shampoo—it won't change hair color." Very different from other leading shampoos, this colorfast shampoo by Clairol was created specifically for women who color or lighten their hair. In two unique formulas: Clairol Blue for all light delicate blonde shades of lightened and toned hair. Clairol Green for all red, brown and black shades of tints and lasting rinses. At beauty salons and cosmetic counters.

CLAIROL® SHAMPOO the colorfast shampoo

CLAIROL
THE COLORFAST SHAMPOO
BLUE
CLAIROL
THE COLORFAST SHAMPOO
GREEN

BLUE—for blondes and lightest tones

GREEN—for tint and lasting-rinse users

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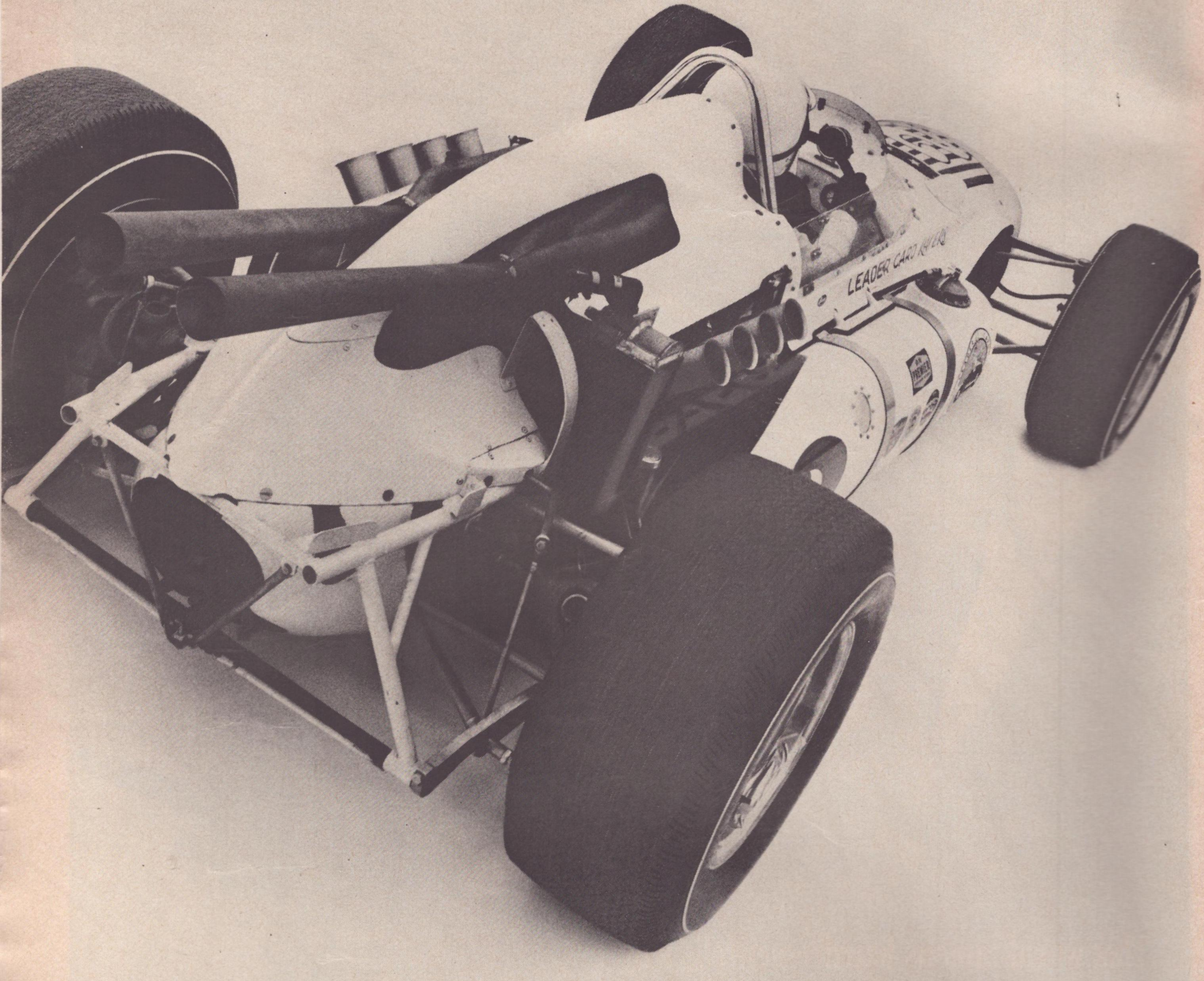

Some of the fastest cars in the world

A Volkswagen is O.K. for racing down to the delicatessen, but that's about it.

Still, it may be some consolation to know that Volkswagens have a lot in common with cars that race for a living.

Item: Each VW wheel has its own private suspension system, complete with its own private torsion bar.

So when one wheel goes klunk on a bump, the other wheels do nothing at all. They stick to the road, and so does the car.

Many racing cars use this suspension system. No other passenger car does.

Item: The Volkswagen engine is in the back, over the drive wheels. It gives the car better traction and doesn't waste power.

Not all racing cars have engines in the back. Only every winner at Indianapolis this year.

© VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

are still following the Volkswagen.

Item: Just about every racing car has an aluminum engine. Aluminum is very light. Volkswagens have aluminum-magnesium engines that make aluminum alone seem heavy.

Item: The Volkswagen's 4-speed transmission is so smooth, some racing drivers use it "as is" in their cars. Right from stock.

(Attention Volkswagen Accounting Department: Now you know why we sold more transmissions than cars last year.)

Of course, most of what we put into the VW isn't just for the sake of speed.

We keep trying to make it easier to drive, cheaper to run, simpler to service and longer lasting.

A Volkswagen may have a top speed of only 72 miles an hour.

But it's way ahead of cars that are way ahead of it.

BE:

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ENTHUSIASTIC
FLOWER FRESH
GLAD
HAPPY
INTERESTED
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LADYLIKE
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NICE, NEAT
ORDERLY
POPULAR
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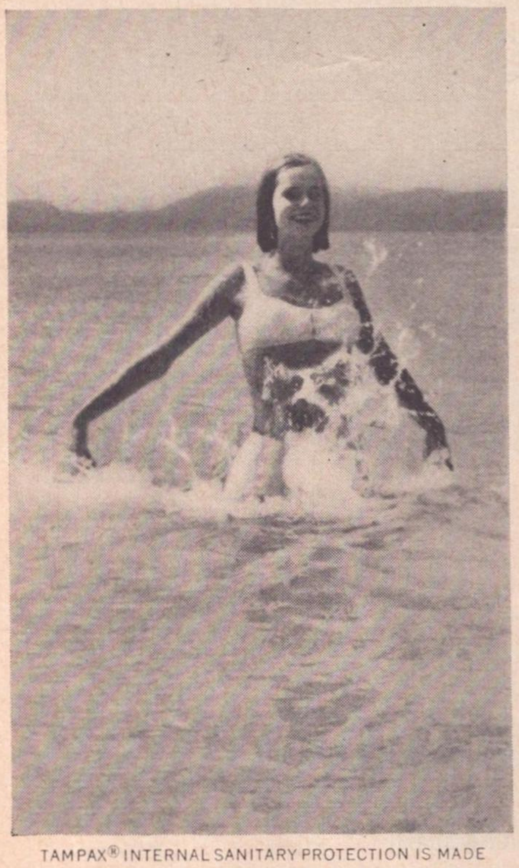
YOUTHFUL
&
ZOME OTHER ZINGS
WITH TAMPAX



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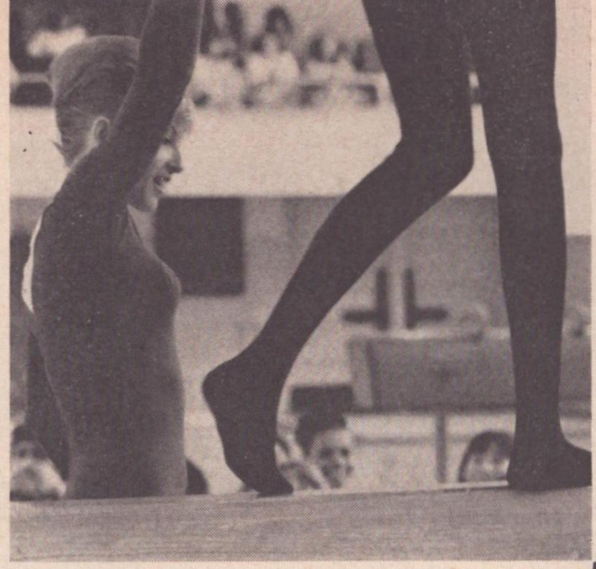

At left and in command, Muriel Davis Grossfeld, three-time U.S. Olympic gymnast. She takes them all, bulgy, small, shaky and tall—85,000 girls so far, in a cross-country campaign that may change the shape of the nation. A general in brilliant red leotards, Mrs. Grossfeld exhorts teen-agers to turn from TV and leap to the balance beam. Sounding the battle cry "Look at me!" she leads with a hecht and a handstand, flip-flop and Swedish fall. The message gets through: Fitness Should Be Fun. *For a demonstration, cartwheel to page 88.*

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LOOK

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AMERICA'S FAMILY MAGAZINE • 29TH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

Cover: New Wave movie actress Mako Midori, photographed at Toei Studio in Tokyo by Paul Fusco

picture credits

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PEPSI-COLA

Sears Has Everything

"Hello, Sears I want to buy a pair of boxing gloves"

You can telephone an order to Sears the instant the notion strikes you. In many cities, Sears, Roebuck and Co. switchboards are open *around the clock,* seven days a week. This is only *one* of the services Sears believes a store should offer you. See below.

When a man's black eye develops into an instant desire for boxing gloves, Sears thinks he should be able to do something about it. Instantly.

And Sears has arranged it so that he can.

In many cities, Sears telephone ordering service never closes down. 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, 365 days a year, you can pick up your phone, open your Sears catalog, and order any of 200,000 things.

If you have a brainwave about new curtains at midnight, call Sears then and there.

If you want to send a birthday present to your sister, but you're stuck at home with the kids, call Sears when you've put them to bed.

If you want to buy some new shirts, but you're all tied up at the office during store hours, call Sears after work.

Other Sears services

Sears offers 24-hour phone service in the firm belief that a store should make life easier for its customers, not the other way around. Other examples of this Sears attitude:

- If you buy a Kenmore washer from Sears in New York and then move to San Francisco, you can still get *local* Sears service any time you need it. Sears appliance servicing is expert, economical–and available *everywhere* in the U.S.A.

- If you want your kitchen or bathroom remodeled, Sears will send a specialist to your home to help you plan it–at no cost or obligation to you.

- Sears will pitch in with expert help for almost *all* your home modernizing. Sears specialists will look after everything–estimates, materials and labor. And you can *charge* everything.

- Sears offers you a *variety* of credit plans. A Sears Revolving Charge Account for your day-to-day purchases. An Easy Payment Account for budgeting big things like furniture, color TV, or a freezer (up to 36 months to pay). And a Modernizing Credit Plan to help you make major home improvements (with as long as 5 years to pay).

Fine service is just one of the reasons why so many customers shop at Sears. Another is *value.*

It is Sears constant aim to give equal quality for less money, or better quality for the same money. That's the Sears way of doing business.

← *When a man gets around to thinking that one black eye is enough, Sears stands ready to help him out–with a thumping good pair of boxing gloves and a thumping good promise: satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.*

"B-b-b-but that's what I'm t-t-t-trying to say!"

This bright youngster has a handicap which is not uncommon among children —stuttering. And now that he is in school, speaking has become more of an ordeal for him. Why does he stutter and how can he be helped?

Most children have speech difficulties when they first begin to talk. These early and temporary difficulties simply reflect the tremendous effort which a child must make while learning to speak. If not criticized, ridiculed or constantly corrected when he fumbles with words, the child will—in time and at his own pace—usually learn to talk normally and naturally.

In some children, however, normal hesitations turn into persistent stuttering. This occurs most often in the child who is particularly sensitive to some kind of stress. Such a child actually becomes disorganized—as his speech reveals—when he feels tense, anxious or insecure. For example, family discord, reciting in class or the jeers of classmates will bring on or intensify stuttering.

This disorder, then, may be a symptom that the child is or has been under a strain with which he cannot cope. Although professional help is often needed to find the cause of stuttering, there are many ways in which parents and teachers can lessen the stutterer's anxiety.

Since the stutterer is often highly keyed up, he needs more than the ordinary amount of sleep, rest and play.

Avoid making the child "speech conscious." Don't correct him or make him repeat words. Encourage him to talk, but never *compel* him to do so. Always speak to him slowly, simply and calmly.

Build up the child's self-confidence. Discover what he does best at home and at school. Praise him for it. Be generous, too, with affection. It bolsters the stutterer's feelings of security.

Keep the home atmosphere as calm as possible. Quarrels, noise and confusion intensify the stutterer's difficulty.

A child who persistently stutters should have expert attention. Your child's physician can advise you about the type of special help that is needed.

Metropolitan Life offers a film, *If These Were Your Children*, that shows how youngsters, through other forms of behavior, tell us more about themselves than they ever reveal in words. This film is available without charge for community groups concerned with children. Write to Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, Dept. Q-85, One Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10010.

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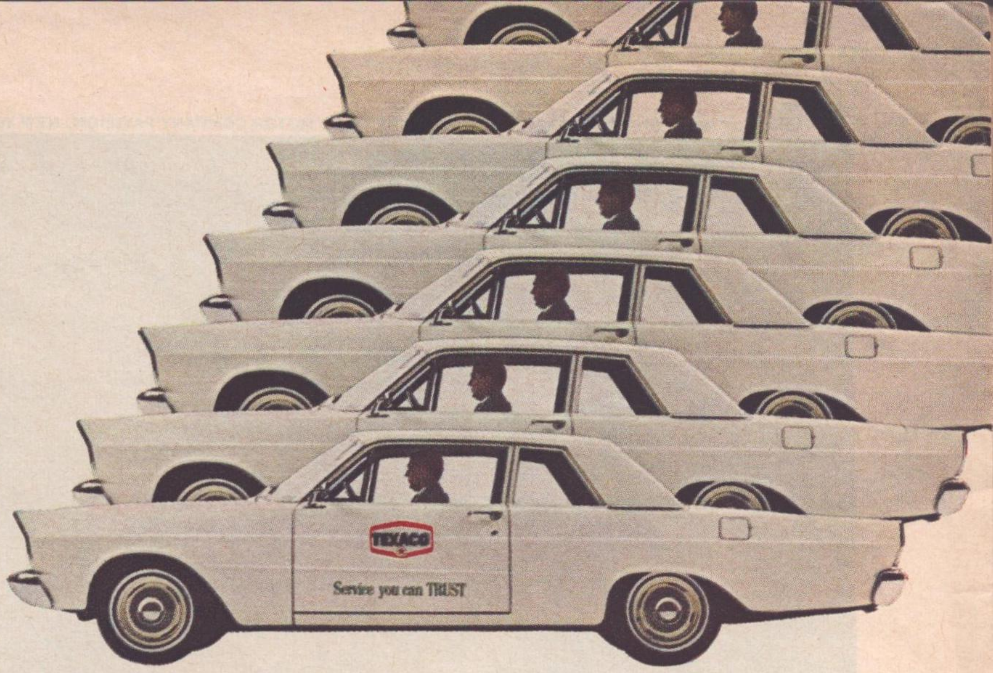
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Best year yet to go Ford!
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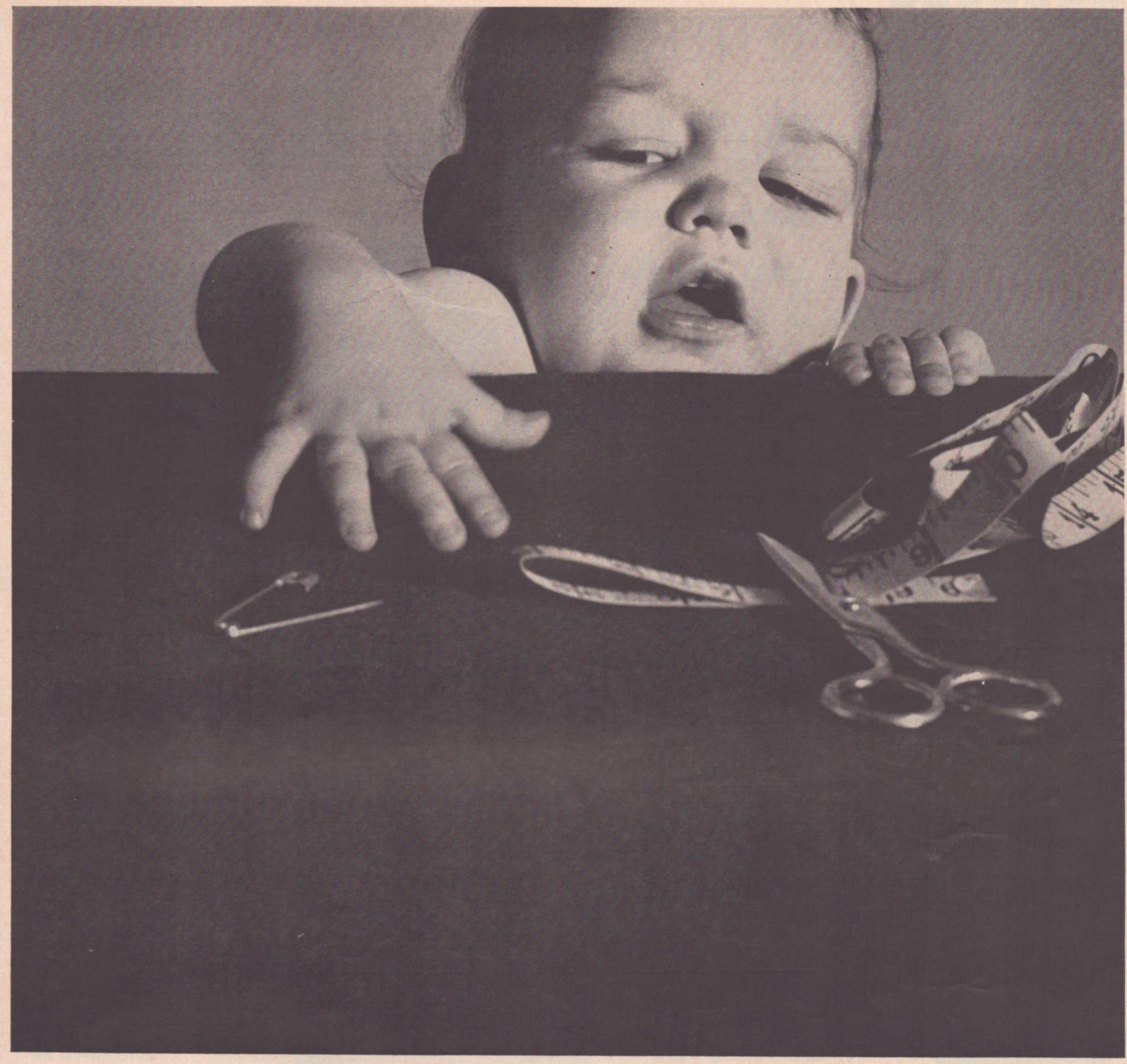

Suddenly the baby swallowed the pin!

Ten-month-old Larry pulled a large open safety pin from his busy mother's sewing table and swallowed it.

Frantically, his mother grabbed the telephone, dialed "Operator" and gasped out the name of her family doctor.

Mrs. Virginia Klow, the operator who answered, thought fast and asked the agitated mother whether she wanted an ambulance first. "Oh, *Yes!*" she cried.

Even while Mrs. Klow was calling the ambulance, she got the mother's name, address and telephone number. And only seconds after the ambulance started on its way, the distracted woman was connected with her physician.

Later at the hospital, the pin was safely removed. Larry has long since forgotten the whole episode. His grateful mother never will.

* * *

It's a small story, but a true one. Bell System people have been able to contribute to many happy endings. Perhaps sometime you may need help. If you do, just remember to ***dial "Operator."*** *You can be sure we'll do our human best.*

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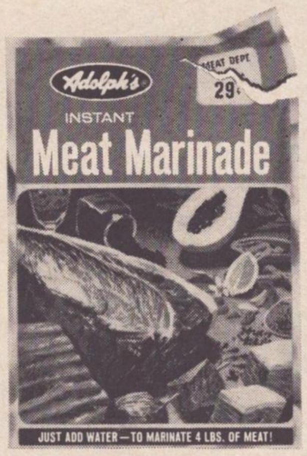
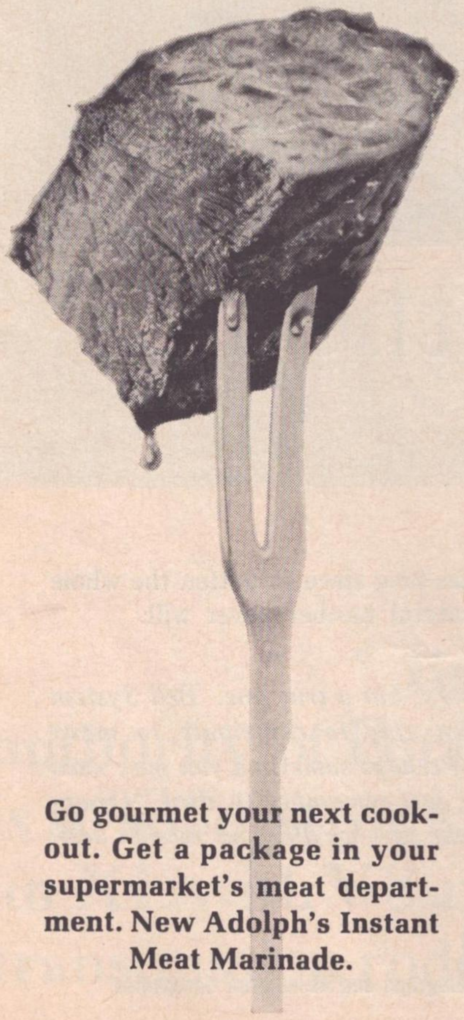


put deep-down gourmet flavor and juicy tenderness into any meat—in just 15 minutes. All you add is water.

New Adolph's Instant Meat Marinade flavors the meat —not the fire—as nothing else can.

wow



Go gourmet your next cookout. Get a package in your supermarket's meat department. New Adolph's Instant Meat Marinade.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

James Bonded

. . . It's bad enough that Hollywood turns out trash like the James Bond movies—without your having to publish full-length articles [*James Bond Conquers All in Thunderball*, LOOK, July 13] exploiting these movies. The color pictures of half-clad, bathing-suit attired women, most of whom had their hair dripping wet and hanging in strings, were enough to make anyone ill. That such creatures as these could attract people into attending movie theaters is a mystery to me. . . .

LINDA DILL
Baird, Texas

. . . Thank you! Those moments spent enjoying—quite thoroughly, too—the superb photographs and interesting text made me forget for a time what usually seems like mountains of diapers and toys. . . . Both my husband and I . . . find the previous movies [Sean Connery] has appeared in to be a bit fantastic, barely possible, quite exciting, always interesting, as well as fast moving and with a perfect amount of glamour—in other words, entertaining. . . .

MRS. JAMES J. GODFREY
Aurora, Ill.

Your magazine was recently brought into the office where I work. After the first admiring comments over the cover picture, one question began to be asked by all. What was the protuberance in the lower right-hand corner?

"It's got to be his shoulder."

"Not with that kind of bend in it. That's more like an elbow bend."

"Maybe he's pulled his knee up and is hunched over it."

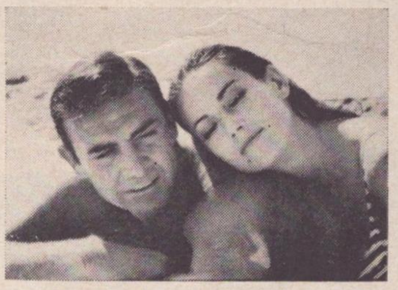
"Now wait a minute. If you look closely, it might be a rock."

"With hair on it?"

"Well, maybe it's a pink hairy-type rock!" . . .

What is the protruding knob in the picture?

SANDRA ANN COMINS
Gainesville, Fla.



Sean's shoulder, scrunched.—Ed.

That cover picture of James Bond: What is he trying to say? Too much sex, suds and surf makes one a dull boy? With that feeble look he wouldn't even qualify for work on a chicken farm. . . .

REV. MARVIN REPINSKI
Minneapolis, Minn.

. . . Send the girlie pictures to *Playboy*, and send me a James Bond.

MRS. T. A. MCDONNELL
Kingston, Pa.

. . . Auric Goldfinger went PFLOOP out the window, rather than BOOM.

JIM BEERS
Scranton, Pa.

Goldie went BOOM *in the book*—PFLOOP *in the pflick.—Ed.*

The Brothers Kennedy

Thank you for the wonderful article, *Ted Kennedy on His Own* [LOOK, July 13]. . . . I can only hope that when I'm old enough to vote, his name will be on the Democratic ticket for President.

KAREN INGERS
Indianapolis, Ind.

. . . Let's have more stories about the Senators Kennedy and their families. I think 99 percent of the American people enjoy reading about two such great men. Thank you.

A. B. LEKKAS
Chicago, Ill.

. . . *Please* can't we live without them for a few months!

MRS. W. FORD, JR.
Rahns, Pa.

Jennie Grossinger

. . . A few years ago, I was walking along a busy city street comforting one of my three small children . . . when a well-dressed woman detached herself from a group of friends, came over to me, hugged me, called me by name, asked about my parents and their special (musical) interests, and was obviously glad to see me. I recognized the lady as being Jennie Grossinger [*Jennie*, LOOK, July 13], and I had good reason to remember her: Some twenty years ago, she had helped me and my family come to the United States from Hitler's Europe, and so in a very real sense, she had saved our lives. She had last seen me when I was fourteen years old. . . .

MRS. MARIANNE E. PERTEN
New York, N.Y.

Émile Gauguin

I read with considerable interest LOOK's sketch of Émile Gauguin [*Welcome New World for a Son of Gauguin*, LOOK, July 13]. . . . Although Gauguin says that he wishes to paint like his father, the glimpses of his work seem to indicate, rather, that he is reacting to the same stimuli that his father did, but quite in his own way. Perhaps he's now being given a chance to be able to say, "*Mon Papa: C'est moi*—Émile Gauguin!". . .

JOHN MORRIS
New York, N.Y.

. . . Must we always hear the same old chestnuts about [Paul Gauguin's] "abandoned" wife? She was not abandoned; she chose to live in Denmark rather than to live with her husband in straitened circumstances. . . . He is to be pitied in his choice of wife, not censured. He did everything he could for his wife and children and got nothing from her but silence.

MRS. MORRIS ROCHE
Silver Spring, Md.

Gauguin, a successful stockbroker, left his job to paint in poverty. His wife left him. He left Paris.—Ed.

Planet in the Red

. . . I will say without fear of contradiction that the U.S.A. taxpayers will be the ones behind the mission to Mars [*The Man Behind Our Mission to Mars*, LOOK, July 13]. . . .

G. A. CLEVENGER
San Angelo, Texas

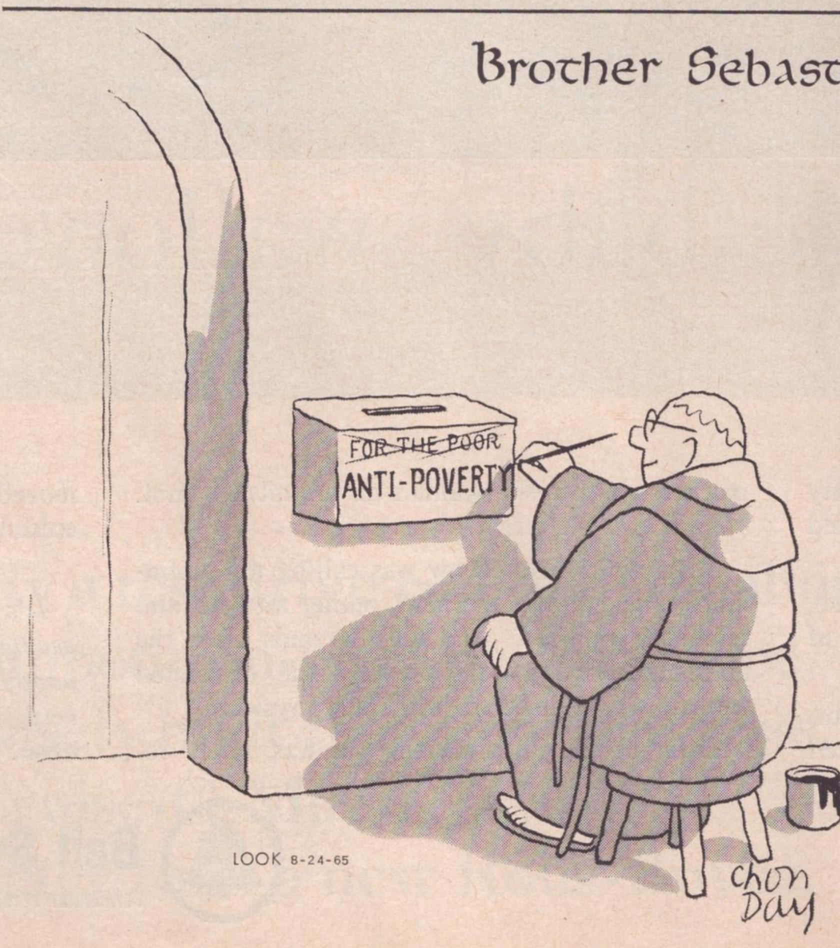
Going Together

As a teen-ager, I say Hooray! . . . [*Going Together*, LOOK, July 13]. The adults who write you condemning your article will only be proving these teen-agers' point—that the adults of my parents' generation are unwilling to accept such a frank article. . . .

EILEEN O'SHEA
Langley, Wash.

continued

Brother Sebastian



LOOK 8-24-65

"I tell anyone who'll listen... there is nothing like a Lark"

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Only Lark's filter has two outer sections plus an inner chamber of charcoal granules for a richly rewarding taste.

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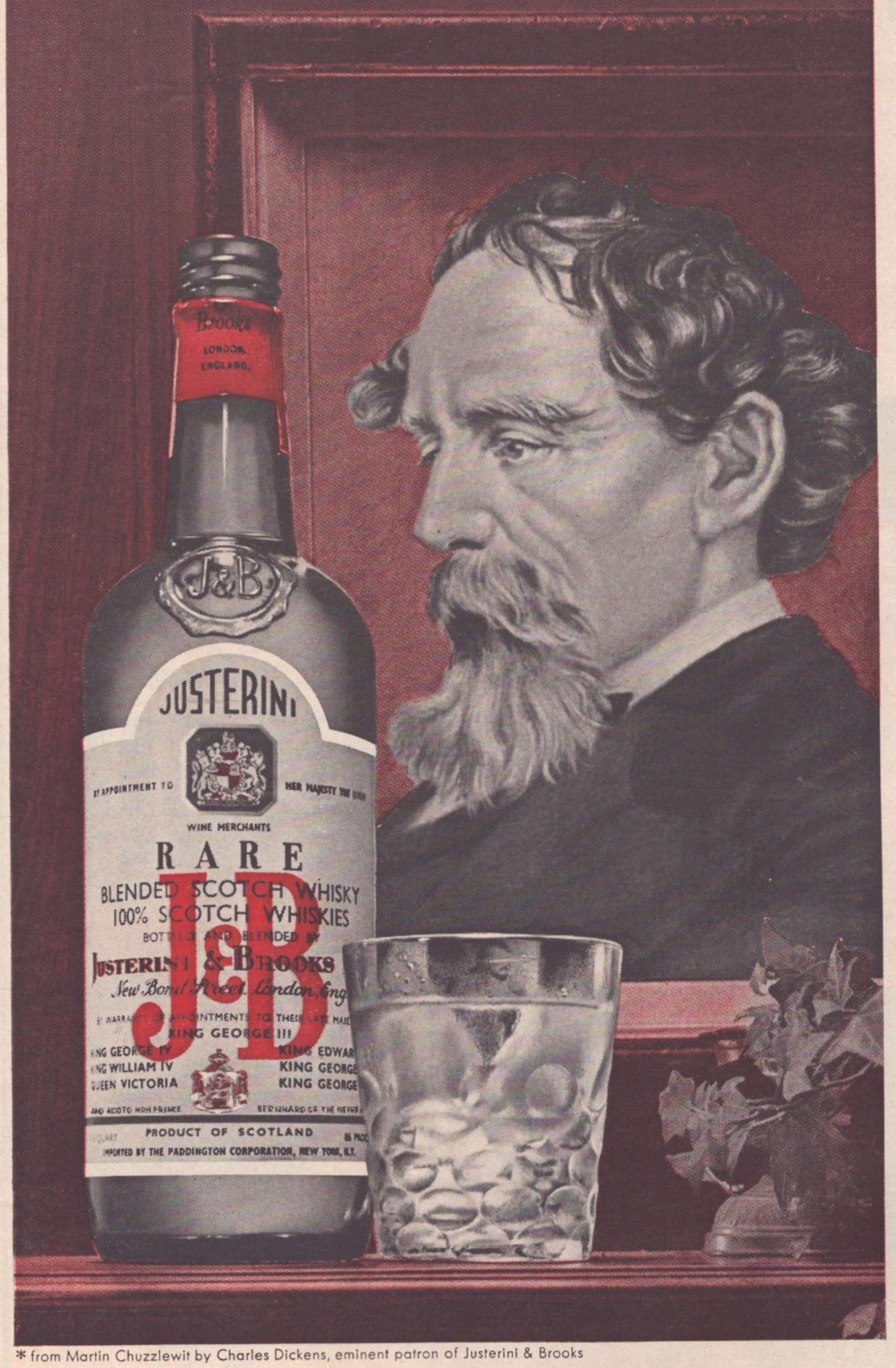
JUSTERINI & BROOKS

"...leave the bottle on the chimleypiece, and don't ask me to take none, but let me put my lips to it when I am so dispoged..." *



* from Martin Chuzzlewit by Charles Dickens, eminent patron of Justerini & Brooks

the others are not J&B rare scotch whisky

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I have a darling 4½-year-old daughter, and God help me . . . when the day comes she has to resort to drinking beer, premarital intercourse and wild parties to express herself. . . .

Mrs. Sylvia F. Boster
Raleigh, N.C.

. . . Now just one minute! I'm a teen, and I deeply resent the article. . . . My biggest problem is not [that of] expressing myself or identifying where I belong; it is simply getting the funds so I can go to college and be a teacher. Look seems to be patting these—kooks—on the back for being frank and blunt! What's wrong with an innocent blush? . . .

Maureen Hoffart
Plainview, Neb.

. . . 99 percent of the 427 girls in our graduating class were virgins. Put that in your pipe and smoke it! . . .

Phyllis Gauthier
Worcester, Mass.

. . . The only thing they seem to be learning is their way around the backseat of their parents' car, which isn't a big accomplishment. . . .

William Friedman
Pittsburgh, Pa.

. . . We have a place here . . . where we ride around any and all the time. We just ride around and around it until we're tired of riding. Then we stop there, and other teenagers ride around us. Why do we do all this? It sounds useless to me—but I enjoy it ever so much. . . . We have rules there, though. . . .

Sweenie Mimeux
Tarboro, N. C.

. . . Of course it isn't their fault. No one is teaching them that "being honest" means something more than the expression of "urges." . . .

Lorrie S. Tussman
Berkeley, Calif.

. . . I have two teen-age daughters. Often I tell them "no," and whether they like it or not, they accept my decision. In fact, very often they *expect* and *want* me to protect them by refusing to allow them full freedom of choice. A bird cannot fly from its nest until its wings have developed enough to support its body.

Mrs. James LaForge
Mission, Texas

. . . I'm writing about confusion, and I am confused. . . . The article *Going Together* said that we are searching for a freedom and a direction in life. Then toward the end of the magazine, in fact the very last article, was the story of Suzy Sterling. Her search ended in helping others, not in sexual freedom. But I wonder why her story was last. . . . I am 15 and still searching. . . .

Algienne Sutton
Greenville, S.C.

Suzy Sterling

God bless you Suzy [*A Southern Girl's Diary of Discovery*, Look, July 13] and people like you. I'm 19, live in a small Southern town and have a white girl friend who helped me when I was planning to leave high school in the 10th grade because I was too poor to buy clothes and shoes. She got her parents to give me a job for after-school hours—only if I stayed in school. She's five years older and married now, with her own family. We're still friends. . . . We talk about my writing (I'm an amateur songwriter), laugh about silly things we used to do, and what we are dreaming of for our future—peace between our races.

Patty Johnson
Tallassee, Ala.

. . . [Suzy] seems to stand for everything good in life. It's a shame all of us couldn't be like her.

Lynne Coffman
Winfield, W. Va.

. . . Articles like [this] would be more appreciated in a Negro magazine.

Mrs. Marley
San Francisco, Calif.

END

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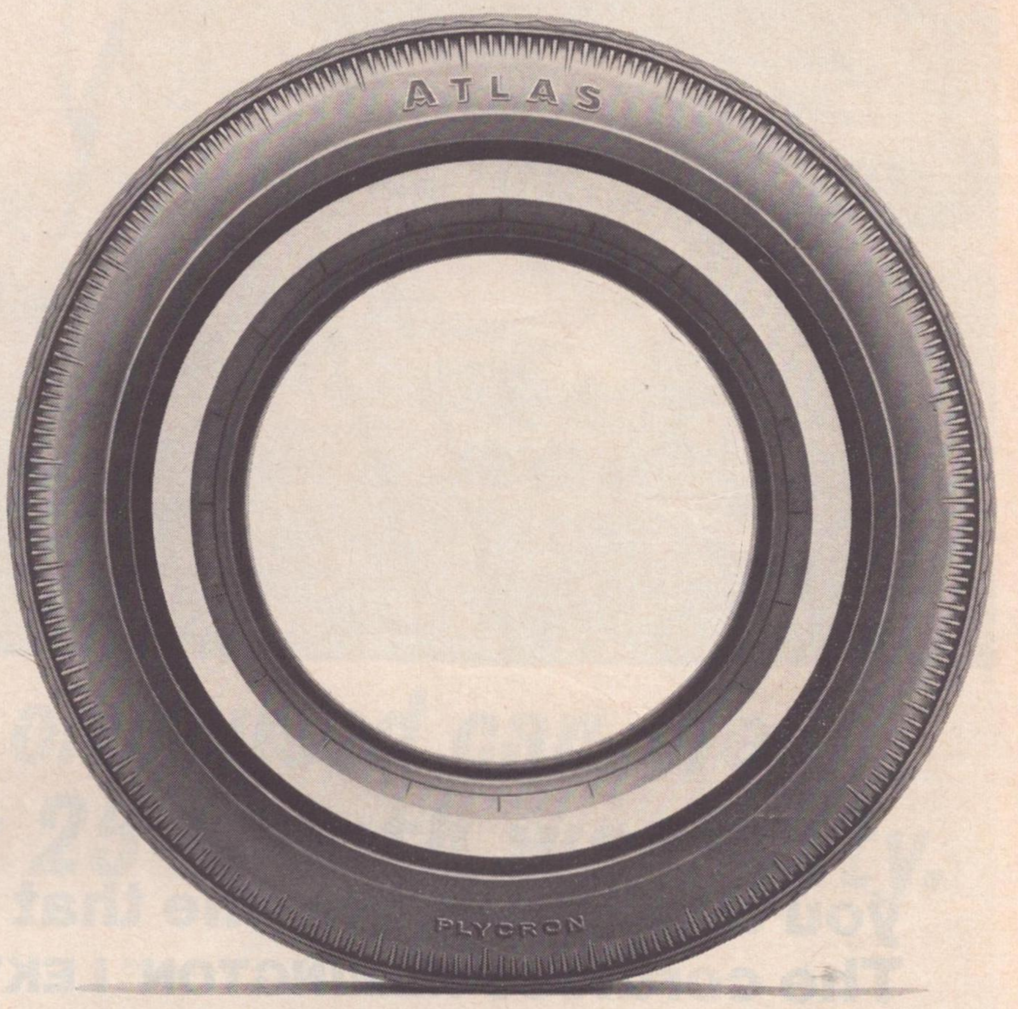

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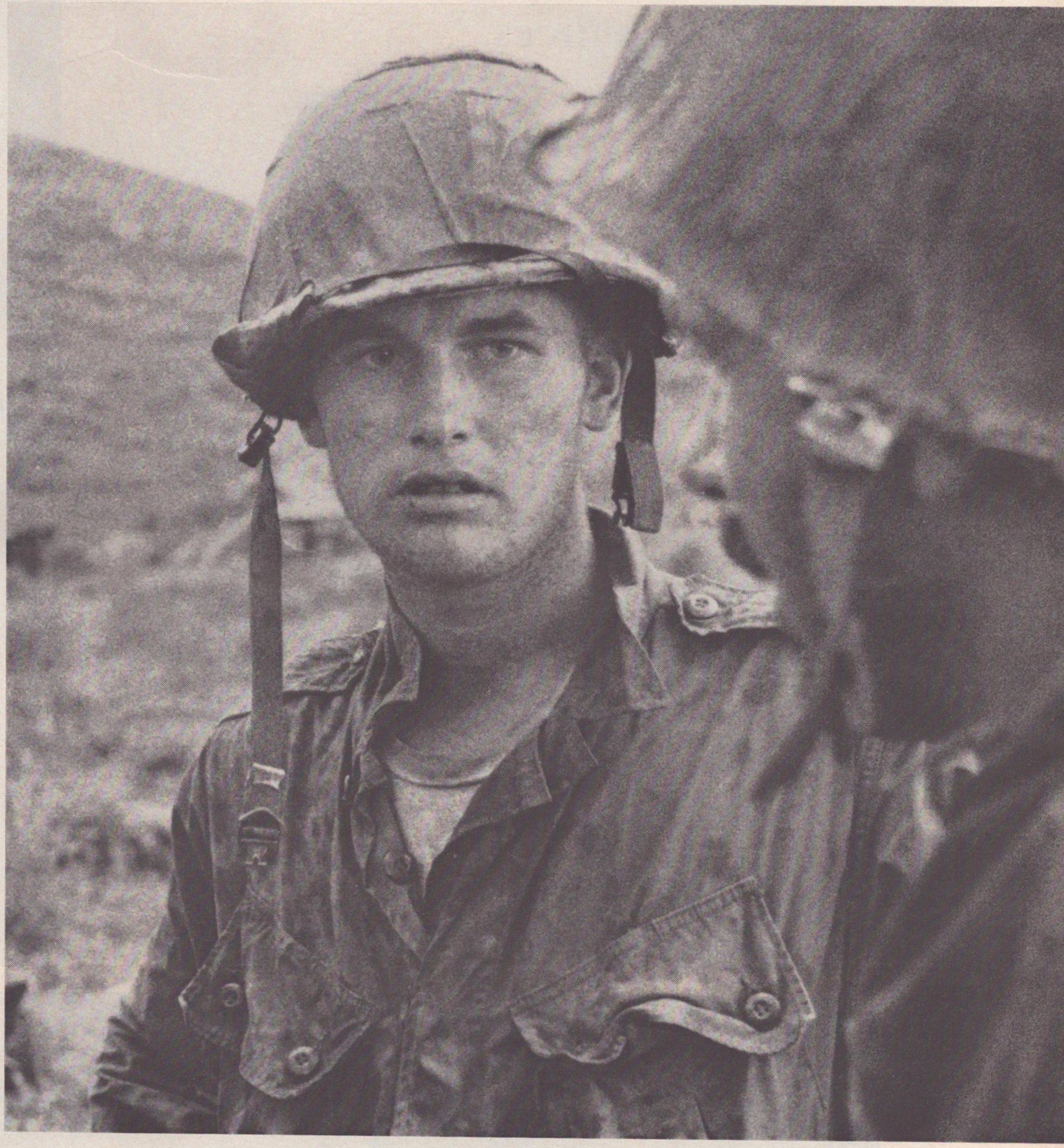
19-YEAR-OLD MARINE IN VIETNAM

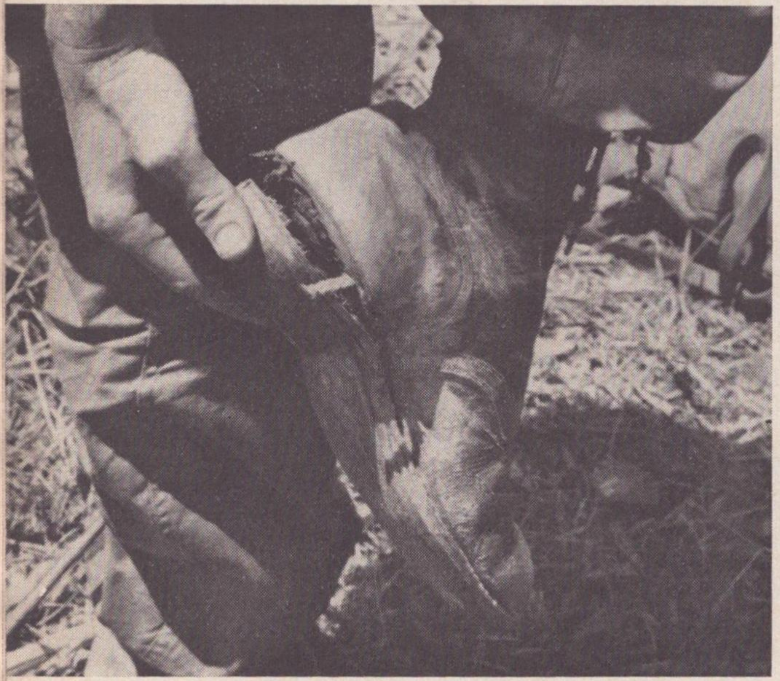


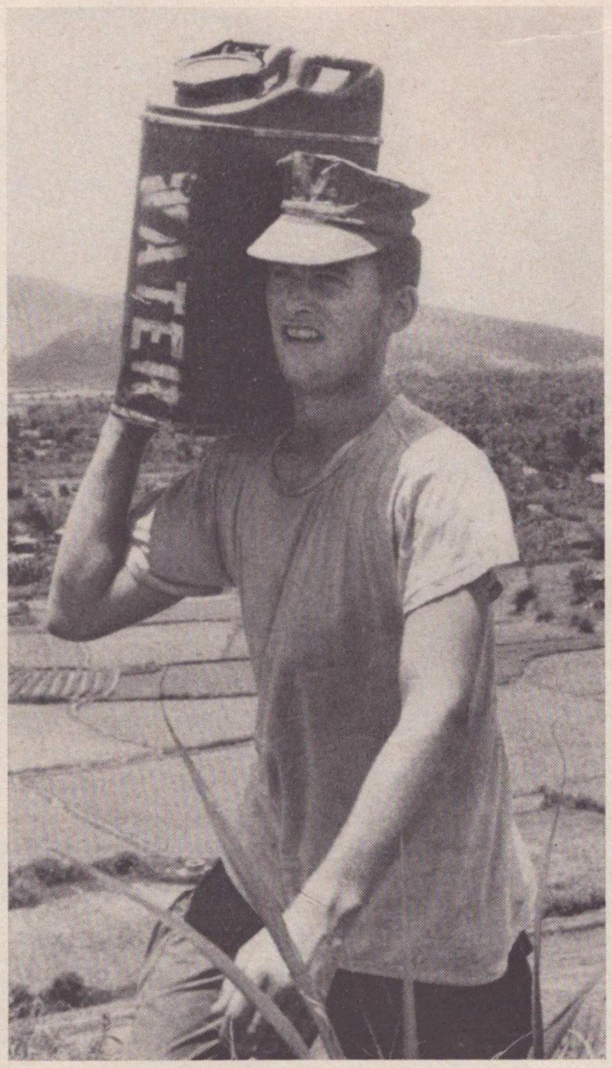
Marine PFC David J. Beauchemin of Worcester, Mass., gets patrol orders from his section leader, Sgt. David Dubry of Detroit, Mich. Beauchemin's machine-gun crew has been at war with the Vietcong for four months.

Dave Beauchemin is too young to vote, but not too young to fight. He spent his 19th birthday hunting guerrillas in the silent jungle around Danang. For a report on fresh youth thrown into a dirty war, turn the page.

"We like 'em young," says an Army major in Vietnam. "The young ones take more chances."

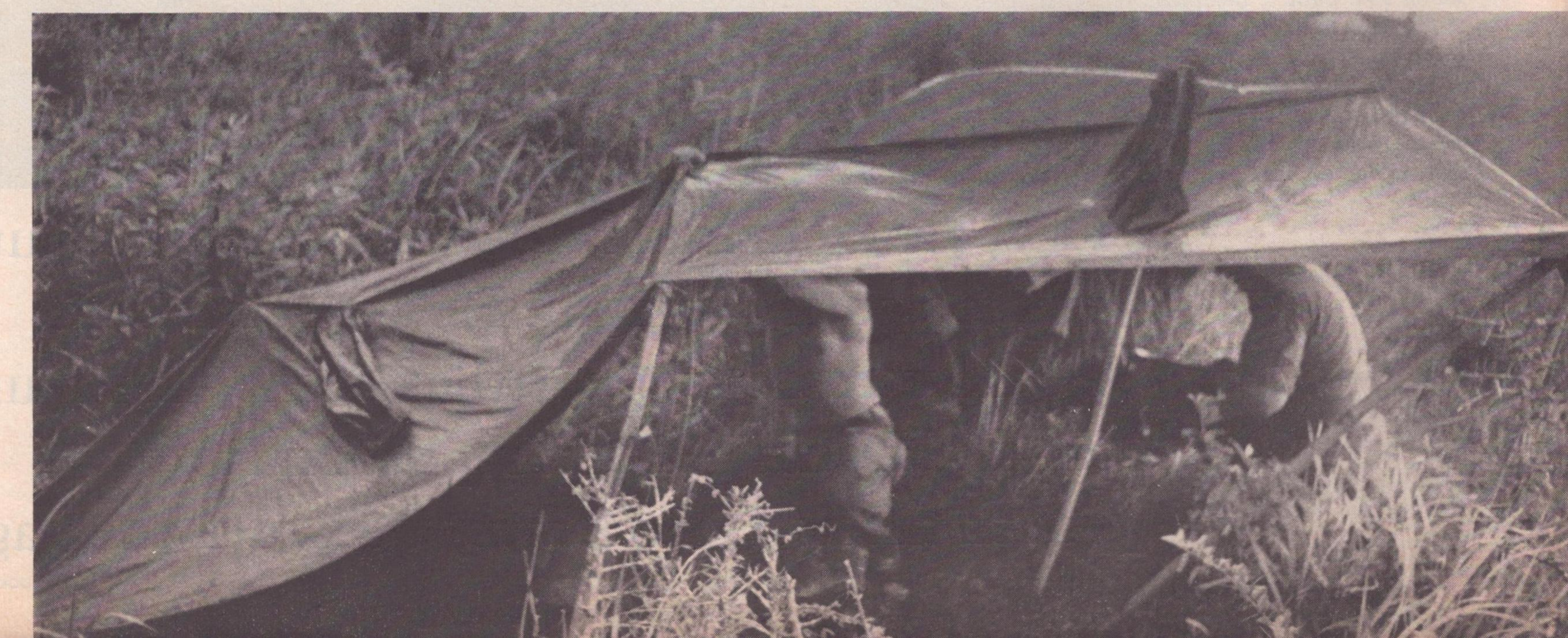
Leather rots fast in Vietnam. The marines hold their boots together with telephone wire and medical tape. At a tent back in the rear, they can wait in line for any new boots left in their size. To get them, they must pay $6.30 out of their clothing allowance.





Water, purified with doses of iodine, helps a man survive the heat. Beauchemin shoulders a 5-gal. resupply ration for his squad.

Ponchos are the only protection from tropical sun and rain. Lashed together (below), they keep marines half-dry in an afternoon deluge.



In reserve, Beauchemin gets to wear his clean uniform. He tells Sergeant Dubry: "It's hard to believe we got shot at yesterday." Dubry's answer: "Someone gets shot, and it grows you up fast."

For Dave Beauchemin, Vietnam is a cruel place to come of age. At 17, he left Worcester, Mass., for a three-year hitch in the Marine Corps. A loudspeaker announcement on a troopship bound from Thailand to the Philippines a year later changed his life. On April 10, he sloshed ashore in Vietnam with Echo Company, 2nd Battalion, 3rd Marine Regiment.

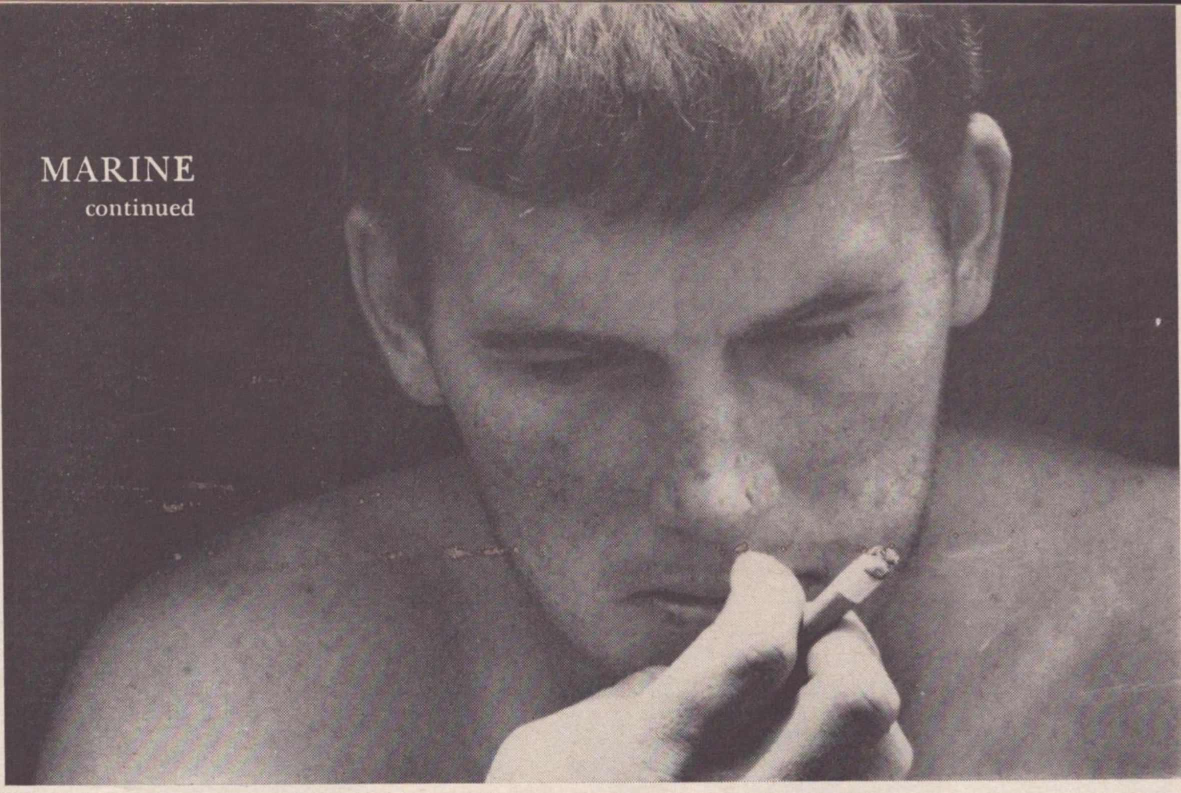
Beauchemin hauls ammunition for an M-60 machine gun in the "twilight zone" west of Danang Air Base—paddies and hills that change hands at dawn and dusk. He moves light, a rubberized poncho and two canteens of stale water on his belt, and hundreds of linked 7.62mm cartridges hung around his neck. Rolled in the poncho, he sleeps on stony ground. Water is too precious to shave or wash with, so he goes dirty in worn denims sour with sweat. In the long waits, he eats his C-rations cold or mashes them over the blue flame of a heat tablet. He holds his rotting boots together with communications wire. So do thousands of others who work as he does, in weeks of dust and black ooze.

At 19, he now smokes three packs of cigarettes a day. He has seen wounded comrades pumped giddy with morphine and lugged out on a poncho stretched between hastily cut bamboo. On one patrol, he and 46 other marines collapsed when the wet heat hit 127 degrees. He can endure this, and the hot flashes of dysentery, and the leeches that must be burned off with a lit cigarette, because he has the resilience of youth.

To the military, Beauchemin is good fighting material for a jungle war. "We like 'em young," an Army major frankly admits. "The young ones take more chances." To those at home protesting the war in Vietnam, Beauchemin is a sucker. To his mother back in Worcester, he is a daily heartache, worry stiffened with pride. Mrs. Austin Beauchemin has given three other sons to the Air Force, and her youngest will follow Dave into the Marines after high school. "We don't have to be afraid of the future," she tells her friends. "There are thousands of fine young men just like my sons, who are willing to do all they can for their wonderful country."

continued

PRODUCED BY CHRISTOPHER S. WREN PHOTOGRAPHED BY THOMAS R. KOENIGES



Fingernails chewed to the quick, Dave Beauchemin drags on another cigarette.

His battle pay: 21 cents an hour

A Marine general touring Danang recently told his men that their enemy was "intellectually inferior and readily beatable." The Vietcong, he announced, "are not 11-feet tall."

PFC Dave Beauchemin, out on the killing ground, has never gotten a good enough look. The Vietcong he sees close up are fly-speckled dead or sullen suspects. His gun crew, groping through bamboo thickets or armpit-deep water, know they'll be shot at, but never when. "You're going along," recalls an overnight veteran, "and the place suddenly goes up for grabs. And then it's all quiet again."

The guerrillas fire and fade, trying to suck the patrols out of base radio contact. "If they can bite off a small enough piece," a marine says, "the VC just chew it up."

Even without snipers, the land is hostile. Beauchemin moves among poisonous kraits and bamboo snakes, among trip-mines that explode groin-high to demoralize if not kill. He passes down trails pitted with "panji" traps—stakes sharp enough to razor through a boot and sometimes smeared with buffalo dung. He has been taught not to remove the impaled foot of a victim without probing the trap. A grenade could be underneath.

Danang's marines have bought chunks of ice from a vendor and found them imbedded with glass slivers. They have seen bottle caps on local soda eaten through by acid inside. The C-rations they give to children may end up feeding the guerrillas they will later fight.

For Beauchemin, any sociopolitical theories about Vietnam are reduced to being nice to the peasant in black pajamas, knowing he may shoot when you turn your back, hoping he won't. Still, Beauchemin's vigorous battalion commander, Lt. Col. David A. Clement, believes the marines cannot win the countryside unless they win the people. Off patrol, his men work to make friends. Medics treat ill villagers. Riflemen distribute candy to children. The battalion has trucked entire villages out of range of marauding Vietcong "tax collectors." Colonel Clement's gamble can pay off. Beauchemin remembers the first time his company was cheered as they entered one Catholic village: "They really wanted us. It was like we were big brothers or something."

Such risks and rewards earn Beauchemin about $149 a month, including a $55 bonus for being shot at. He sends his parents $50 a month. With no taxes in combat, his pay breaks down to just under 21 cents an hour.

Letters from home keep him going. He pockets them, reads them over until they are illegible with sweat. Dave's mother dispatches home-baked cookies and fudge, which the squad swallows in ten minutes. "I never thought mail would mean so much," he says. "They call out your name, and you feel great."

Because he can rely on his buddies in combat — a Marine tradition — Beauchemin's morale is high. He feels the war is being won, is bitter only about the college students his age who complain about Vietnam at home while he fights there. The marines first learned of the protests from "Peking Polly" over the Red China radio. "Why don't they just come over and help the VC?" Beauchemin asks. "We'll even show them where to go." "Yeh," a friend spits, "then we'll go after them too."

Beauchemin wants his own chance at college. He hopes to rotate home by Christmas. After his discharge in 1967, he must finish a last semester of high school. Then, he will try for the University of Massachusetts.

"I get mad," Dave Beauchemin says, "when I hear people say I'm over here because I have to be. We're here to stop the Communists before they get to our own country. Today, it's here. Tomorrow, it could be home. I'd rather fight here."

Bullets slap at the underbrush.
PFC Tom Lavin, 20, of Chicago, Ill., scrambles for
cover with the machine gun. Beauchemin,
behind him, does not know where to shoot back.

END

THE AMERICAN PRINCES OF THE CHURCH

The fourth session of Vatican Council II begins September 14. The *aggiornamento* (reform and renewal) of the Roman Catholic Church, inspired and led by Pope John XXIII, continues. But at what pace and in what directions? Only his successor Pope Paul VI can really tell. Prudent, pensive and given to qualifications, he carries ever heavier burdens for his flock of 584 million. Frustration abounded in the third session of the Council. Crucial statements on religious liberty and the Jews and non-Christians came not to resolution but to more discussion and revision, and the position on the nature of Catholic marriage, specifically birth control, was discussed only tentatively. When the solemn, intense deliberations on these and many other issues resume in St. Peter's Basilica, five U.S. cardinals will take their places. This time, they may have a "new" role, for the Pope has enlarged the 800-year-old College of Cardinals, and some observers believe that, in effect, he has also enlarged its function and power. In his measured way, the Pope has been an innovator. But more and more, as his reign takes form, his position seems to be that of the centrist. History, over many centuries, will tell whether his centrist stance was a dead center.

Richard Cardinal Cushing

Plain and Irish as boiled potatoes, Boston's Cardinal is brusque, informal, unpredictable. His attendance at the Council has been "in and out." At 69, he remains an incomparable fund raiser. His charm, his friendship with the Kennedy family, his $1 million contribution to the Cuban ransom have made him the most popular cardinal. He believes his Church's greatest problem is "Our prosperity in America . . . the image we portray as a wealthy or well-endowed institution."

PRODUCED BY GEREON ZIMMERMANN
PHOTOGRAPHED BY PAUL FUSCO

continued

Joseph Cardinal Ritter

The St. Louis archdiocese is called "open." That is because a pastor who happens to be a prince of the Church leads it. Joseph Cardinal Ritter, 73, innovates in race relations, ecumenism and liturgical reform. Admittedly no intellectual, he has the wisdom to use "new breed" priests. His chancery, a contemporary building, breathes efficiency and spirituality. Cardinal Ritter is witty: "My favorite devotion is the rosary. That ought to please the antiliturgists." He has chided Pope Paul for his lengthy sermons and rates the Roman Curia, the Church's central administration, as "amateurish and antiquated." At the Council, he has been in the "liberal" vanguard. He says, "Catholics must realize the Church does not exist to sanctify them alone, but all the world, the secular world and all of mankind." Priests from his realm are not welcome as teachers in Los Angeles.

James Francis Cardinal McIntyre

Now 79, the ruler of the Archdiocese of Los Angeles keeps his blue eyes fixed on the 13th century. No one dares gainsay his financial acumen, his charity to obedient religious, his stature among the famous. But turmoil roils his see. Cardinal McIntyre hobbles human-rights activities and liturgical reforms, "exiles" liberal priests who speak out. A convert says, "If you work for racial justice, you work underground." Another Catholic repeats the belief, "The L.A. Church is in schism." The Cardinal says his stands at the Vatican Council are "traditional."

Lawrence Cardinal Shehan

Lawrence Cardinal Shehan, a leading ecumenist, is the first American prelate elevated to the Sacred College by Pope Paul VI, who has also named him a president of the Vatican Council. The Baltimore Cardinal's first sermon in his new office urged Catholics to reach farther for the rights of "colored people." A shy, small man, 67, he is characterized as "gentle, learned and prudent." One priest who served under him when he was bishop of Bridgeport, Conn., says, "He listens to you and actually acts on your views." Alvin Clinkscales, a Negro basketball coach in Bridgeport, remembers, "I'd never talked to a bishop before, but I was able to talk to him."

continued

Francis Cardinal Spellman

Here is Francis Cardinal Spellman in one of his finest moments: reviewing a St. Patrick's Day parade in New York City. Tiny, twinkling, pious and a master builder, he was once America's most powerful religious leader. His Madison Avenue chancery is still known as the "powerhouse," but after his acrid disputes with Eleanor Roosevelt over Federal aid to private schools, the might seemed to seep away. His Christmas visits to U.S. forces overseas, however, remain celebrated events. He is, at 76, the dean of American prelates. Pope Pius XII gave him the cardinal's red hat (galero) *in February, 1946. His archdiocese is the richest in the world, but its atmosphere is airless. Cardinal Spellman was a catalyst in U.S. history, for he fused Catholics into an articulate national political entity; his friendships with presidents, popes and kings reassured his faithful of their acceptability. At the Council so far, he has not been a leader.*

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John Patrick Cody

The Archdiocese of Chicago, largest in the U.S., is a field that never lies fallow. Archbishop Cody, 57, will rule it; traditionally, that leader gets a red hat. John Patrick Cody is portly, assertive and productive. In New Orleans, he shook and moved. He reorganized, put laymen in key jobs. His school-building fund was oversubscribed, his newspaper, rare in its excellence. He exhorted against segregationists, but a friend says he is "a liberal with his finger in the wind." The late Albert Cardinal Meyer let the reins loose; Archbishop Cody tugs them taut. Chicago nuns and priests have been arrested in human-rights demonstrations. So a Louisianan says, "When the Archbishop gets there, it will be a day of awakening for him and Chicago."

IS RED HAT OLD HAT?

At the Vatican Council, each bishop and each cardinal has but one vote, and so theory holds they are all equal. But the cardinals are *more* equal. Their raiment is princely, they have special priestly rights, they are venerable, belong to a sacred college and control the powerful Roman Curia. Most importantly, they alone can elect a pope. And for centuries, the popes have come from the cardinalate.

Last year, however, many predicted that the red hat was old hat—the office was headed for honorary status and out as a pivot of Vatican power. This view rose from the excitement and exacerbation as the bishops debated the principle of collegiality during the third session. Put simply, the doctrine would have diffused the Pope's supreme power by giving bishops and their national conferences greater autonomy and real voices in Church government. It would have created a "senate" of more than 2,000 bishops.

What prayerful dreams! Pope Paul reasserted his primacy and so amended the proposals as to make them a loaf without leaven to many. Conservatives bemoan the argument that got so far, so hot and so well reported. So the third session closed, cheerlessly, leaving the bishops where they were.

Then in January, Pope Paul made a surprise move that flushed new rumors from the dovecotes. He named 27 cardinals, including Baltimore's Archbishop Shehan, giving the College 103 members, the largest number ever. Vatican

continued

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SOME ASK FOR A NEW KIND OF LEADER

watchers believe the Pope now wants a "cabinet" of cardinals, a sort of select senate. Their role would be consultative. The idea is at least 1,000 years old. Historically, the concentration of actual power has been in the Roman Curia. That administrative establishment given rarely to change, gave frequently to obstruction during this Council. Granted that the College of Cardinals is now more universal (though 29 are still Italians), and granted that the College becomes a "cabinet"—what does Paul VI have to work with?

Xavier Rynne wrote, perhaps cruelly, "... the College of Cardinals, robed in white copes and mitres, a fifth of whom seemed to be pitifully aged figures hardly able to hobble along. ..." in telling of the "inglorious" close of the second session. Reverence must be due patriarchs, but the Vatican prides itself on its management efficiency, and any U.S. chancery office announces this with copies of financial journals and whizzing office machines. Yet the average age of the cardinals is 72, and 25 of them are older than 80. When the idea of a retirement program was discussed during the second session, the discourse died. Leo Cardinal Suenens of Belgium said, "To expect bishops to agree to resign voluntarily is like brandishing a sword in water."

The average age of the American cardinals is 72.8 years. Their Eminences Cushing, McIntyre and Spellman have endured uneven health recently; Cardinal McIntyre collapsed during the last session of the Council, but returned to its deliberations. All plan to go to the Council's fourth and final session.

The American cardinals have made no specific comments on their "new" role, perhaps because it is not new at all. The Pope enlarged the cardinalate, then quickly added one of his "howevers," reassuring the rest of the hierarchy that its status was treasured and unchanged. Paul VI has a "juridical" style and is excruciatingly exact in fashioning the form of an idea. In the normal exercise of power, the substance and spirit of a law override the form. The Roman enigma is this: Will Pope Paul maintain the form and still use his power to change the substance of the cardinals' role?

At the Council's third session, the late Albert Cardinal Meyer emerged as the leader of the Americans during the contention over religious liberty. Many "liberals" hoped that Cardinal Meyer, almost pained in his shyness with strangers, would stir the entire American episcopate into a more contributive and commanding position in the historic assembly. Although Cardinals Ritter and Cushing had been forceful on the liturgical reforms and the religious-liberty issues, no American bishop was overtly a constant mover. John Cogley says, "... at the first session, [they] were hopelessly outshone by the more sophisticated French, German, Dutch and even Italian hierarchies ... there was a frank feeling of confusion among them."

After the first meetings of the American bishops, held to audit views of their theologians and speak their own feelings, it was plain that Cardinal Spellman and Cardinal McIntyre, the seniors, were not the leaders, as had been so long assumed. Cardinal Spellman's performance was surprising for a man who, it is believed, has been instrumental in the elevation of 30 American bishops, including James Francis McIntyre. Until Cardinal Meyer emerged unwillingly, more as a focal point than a leader, the 247 American bishops were equal. Now, it is said, the most powerful prelate in America is Archbishop Egidio Vagnozzi, the apostolic delegate of the Holy See to Washington. Archbishop Vagnozzi has worried publicly about reforms in the liturgy and intellectual movements in the Church, and he has secretly warned against hasty moves toward ecumenism.

What "leadership" really means for a bishop and a cardinal also affects his relationship to the laity, and many Catholics are beginning to question his ancient authority. American bishops are primarily builders. All the cardinals have excellent achievements. The friends of Cardinal McIntyre point out that he builds a new school every 26 days. But one Los Angeles Catholic says, "Yes, he piles up the bricks, but what ideas does he put into them? He censors the most mundane reading material at St. John's Seminary. That is not an idea, that is negation. A seminarian out there thinks he is 'daring' if he reads the Catholic magazine *Commonweal.* And who buys the bricks? We do!"

The "building bishops" have given American Catholics, and American society, more tangibles than they ever expected. They have taken their flocks from cultural alienation to acceptability. Now, they stand on a plateau. They can stride comfortably along, or they can build questing cathedrals of the spirit.

Daniel Callahan, upon whom many Catholics visit a strained mercy, believes his Church needs a new kind of leader. In his book, *The Mind of the Catholic Layman,* he says some Catholics "need bishops today who are . . . far more sensitive to the moral dilemmas of conscientious Catholics trying to live a Christian life in trying times than to budgets and clerical manpower. . . . In the end, there is no use holding up the past happy relationship between clergy and laity as a model for the future, or even measuring the present against that past. Times are changing; it is the problems and difficulties now emerging which demand attention."

Such candor is new to most American Roman Catholics. Many of them do not know how to react to such statements, let alone debate them. Their own view of the hierarchy is from a distance, and it is compounded of obedience and reverence. They stand in awe of the cardinals. One of them could be a pope someday! Then, too, the conferring of the red hat on an archbishop is not a singular honor; the entire archdiocese feels a new, warm esteem for itself because the pope has brought its leader closer to the Chair of St. Peter. It is most human to be proud upon such occasions; after all, one shared in the archbishop's labors.

A sapphire ring is among the symbols of the high office of cardinal.

The love that Catholics feel for their priests and hierarchy is something fierce to brook. To most, criticism (of any kind) represents an assault on authority, and Catholics are disposed to authority. They feel grateful to their hierarchy because its leadership took them from the status of an impoverished minority to acceptance in the U.S. and financial preeminence in the entire Church. There is faint chance that serious anticlericalism will ever rise here, and talk of lasting "schisms" is nonsense. The bishops will prevail.

But, how?

They will prevail best if they toil over ideas and spirituality first ... and trouble over the bricks and mortar of authority second.

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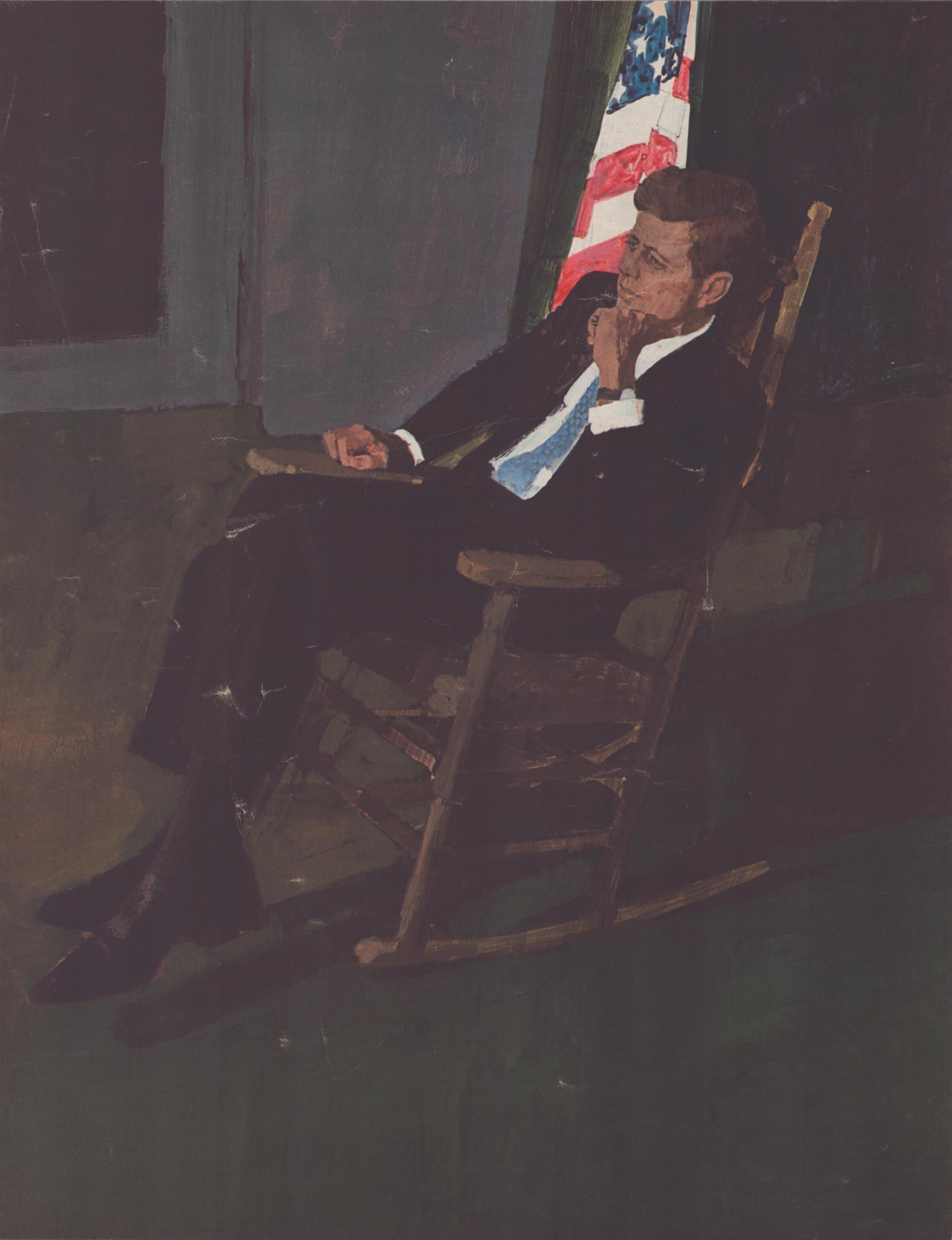
PART TWO OF A GREAT SERIES

BY THEODORE C. SORENSEN



KENNEDY BY SORENSEN: PART TWO

THE KENNEDY I KNEW
BY
THEODORE C. SORENSEN

THE FIRST TIME I met John Kennedy, I was immediately impressed by his "ordinary" demeanor—a quality that in itself is extraordinary among politicians. He spoke easily, but almost shyly, without the customary verbosity and pomposity. The tailor-made suit that clothed a tall, lean frame was quietly stylish. A thatch of chestnut hair was not as bushy as cartoonists had portrayed it. He did not try to impress me, as officeholders so often do on first meetings, with the strength of his handshake, or the importance of his office, or the sound of his voice.

We talked briefly on that morning in early January, 1953, about my application for a job in his new Senate office. I had come to that meeting with more hope than expectation. A month earlier, when I reviewed with a knowledgeable Washington attorney the list of new senators for whom I might work, he had snorted at the name of Kennedy. "Jack Kennedy," he said, "wouldn't hire anyone Joe Kennedy wouldn't tell him to hire—and, with the exception of Jim Landis, Joe Kennedy hasn't hired a non-Catholic in 50 years!"

Both of these suppositions turned out to be false. But it was true that Congressman Kennedy's election to the Senate from Massachusetts, after three elections to the House, had not inspired any predictions of greatness in the national press or in Democratic party circles. The intellectual journals of opinion had doubts about his credentials as a liberal, about his religion and, above all, about his father. The more popular press emphasized the financial cost of his campaign, the participation of his family, his new tea-party technique of electioneering and the sympathy evoked in female hearts by his tousled hair and boyish looks. No one stopped to think that more than tea and sympathy must have been required for Kennedy, in the face of Eisenhower's sweep of Massachusetts, to oust Eisenhower's campaign manager, the well-known Henry Cabot Lodge, who had first been elected to the Senate when Kennedy was a freshman in college.

Except for the Palm Beach tan on a handsome, youthful face, I saw few signs of glamour and glitter in the Senator-elect that winter morning. His Senate offices were not yet available. A new congressman was moving into his old House suite, and it was in the congressman's outer office, sitting almost in the doorway amidst the clutter and confusion of two staffs, that we talked very briefly about the salary, my experience and his needs in the office. He listened attentively and promised an early decision about the job. The occasional tapping of his fingers on his teeth and knee, I later learned, was a habitual sign of his restless energy—not impatient irritation.

A few days later, we talked briefly again. This time, I presumptuously raised a few questions of my own to satisfy myself as to his convictions and my role. Then, on the basis of these two hurried conversations of some five minutes each, he offered me the position of No. 2 legislative assistant in his Senate office—for a temporary "trial" period of one year. I accepted.

The Kennedy campaign slogan in 1952 had been "He can do more for Massachusetts," and he wanted a man to help him translate the slogan into a legislative program to help the New England economy. Having never been to New England or studied much economics, but sharing his concern for the unemployed, I started to work.

I cannot single out any one day as the time I began to understand John Kennedy as a human being. The freshman Senator from Massachusetts, with all of his "ordinary" ways, was an enormously complex and extraordinarily competent man. I came to marvel at his ability to look at his strengths and weaknesses with utter detachment, his candid and objective responses to all public questions, and his insistence on cutting through prevailing bias and myths to the heart of a problem. He hated no enemy, he wept at no adversity. He was neither willing nor able to be flamboyant or melodramatic. But I also learned in time that the cool, analytical mind was stimulated by a warm, compassionate heart. Beneath the careful pragmatic approach lay increasingly deep convictions on basic goals and unusual determination to achieve them. "Once you say you're going to settle for second," he said in 1960 regarding the Vice-Presidency, "that's what happens to you in life, I find." Jack Kennedy never settled for second if first was available.

Many who knew him only casually mistook his refusal to display emotion as a lack of concern or commitment. James MacGregor Burns, whose pre-Presidential Kennedy biography and subsequent public statements made much of this point, irritated the Senator (and his wife) considerably. "Burns seems to feel," he told me, "that unless somebody overstates or shouts at the top of his voice, he is not concerned about a matter." Those of us who came to know him well, though we rarely heard him discuss his personal feelings, came to know the strength and warmth of his dedication as well as his logic. As John Buchan wrote of a friend in John Kennedy's favorite book: "He disliked emotion, not because he felt lightly, but because he felt deeply." Beneath that seemingly fortunate and gay exterior lay an acute awareness of the most sobering kinds of tragedy. He lived with the memory of a much-admired older brother killed in the war, and the memory of a sister killed in a plane crash overseas. Add to this a history of illness, pain and injury since childhood, and the fact that another sister was confined to a home for the mentally retarded, and one understands his human sensitivity. No mention was ever made of any of these subjects by the Senator. But his familiarity with tragedy had produced in him both a desire to enjoy the world and a desire to improve it; and these two desires, particularly in the years preceding 1953, had sometimes been in conflict.

His mental processes—so direct and clear-cut in conversation—were not uncomplicated either. He was at that time considered with some disdain to be an intellectual by most Massachusetts politicians, and considered with equal disdain to be a politician by most Massachusetts intellec-

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PAINTINGS FOR LOOK BY BERNARD FUCHS

tuals. As an undergraduate at Harvard, particularly during his early years, he was thought by one of his tutors (Professor, later Ambassador, John Kenneth Galbraith) to be "gay, charming, irreverent, good-looking and far from diligent." Yet he graduated *cum laude*. At the age of 23, he had expanded his highly regarded senior thesis into a distinguished book, *Why England Slept*. At the age of 35, he continued to be widely read in history, biography and politics. But he had little interest in abstract theories. He primarily sought truths upon which he could act.

His reasons for seeking political office were mixed. In subsequent years, he would scoff at the magazine writers who explained his career in terms of some single psychological motivation—to prove himself to his father, or to outdo his late older brother, or to preserve an old family custom, or to be the instrument of Irish revenge. He had in fact assumed as a youth that politics was barred to him as long as his older brother Joe—more robust and extroverted and nearer to the traditional image of a Massachusetts politician—aspired to that profession. Early in our acquaintance, he told me that he had considered a career as a lawyer, a journalist or possibly a professor of history or political science or an officer in the Foreign Service. But after Joe's death, he entered the political arena—*not* to take Joe's place, as has often been alleged, not to compete subconsciously with him, but as an expression of his own ideals and interests.

His entry was neither involuntary nor illogical. "Everything seemed to point to it in 1946," he said. As a boy, he had accompanied his grandfather Fitzgerald to political rallies. Old-time Boston chronicler Clem Norton believes young Jack's first speech was to a group of Fitzgerald's cronies at a Parker House hotel gathering. After the boy had been waiting outside for an hour or so, he was brought in, and old John F. picked him up and placed him on a table with the words: "Here's my grandson, here's the finest grandson in the world." To which young John F. responded: "My grandpa is the finest grandpa in the world." And the crowd cheered Jack Kennedy's first public speech.

At Harvard, he had spent a year reading every utterance of an obscure Republican congressman. ("The thought," he later wrote, "that some zealous and critical sophomore is now dissecting my own record in a similar class often causes me some concern.") As a student and assistant to his father, he had met politicians in England, France and elsewhere. And in a brief fling at journalism, he had observed power politics at Potsdam and the San Francisco United Nations Conference and covered the British elections.

CHAPTER TWO

By the time we met in 1953, he had achieved considerable success as a politician, but he had no grandiose picture of himself as a chosen savior of mankind. He recognized, with his customary objectivity that put both modesty and ego aside, that he possessed abilities, ideals and public appeal that could be combined to help the nation with whatever problems it faced.

When I first began to work for him, it seemed we had nothing in common. He was worth an estimated ten million dollars and had been accustomed to the social circles of Palm Beach, New York and the French Riviera. My own background was typical of a middle-income family in a Middle Western city, Lincoln, Nebr.

I had never been out of the United States. But the Senator, as a student, tourist, assistant to his Ambassador father (1938), naval officer (1941-1945), journalist (1941 and 1945) and Congressman (1947-1953), had traveled to every major continent and talked with the presidents and prime ministers, the shopkeepers and scholars, of 37 countries.

I had been 17 years old when the Second World War ended. He had been one of its genuine combat heroes.

He had attended Choate Preparatory School for boys, graduated with honors from Harvard and studied briefly at Princeton, Stanford and the London School of Economics. My total tuiton in six years at the University of Nebraska could not have paid for a single year at Harvard.

He was a Catholic—by heritage, habit and conviction—and a friend of cardinals. I was a Unitarian, a denomination at the opposite end of the religious spectrum.

His father had gained fame and power through skillful, sometimes cynical, operations in the worlds of finance and commerce; and Joseph Kennedy's 1940 break with Franklin Roosevelt, after holding a series of appointive offices under him, had been followed by an increasingly outspoken conservatism, although he remained a registered Democrat. My father, on the other hand, had been a crusading lawyer and reformer.

As a Congressman and candidate for the Senate, Jack Kennedy had been privately scornful of what he called the "real liberals," and he knew and cared comparatively little about the problems of civil rights and civil liberties. I had helped organize a chapter of the ADA and a local race-relations organization and had lobbied in Nebraska for a Fair Employment Practices bill.

Yet all these differences made very little difference in his attitude. He was not simply a sum of all the elements in his background—a Catholic war veteran from a wealthy Boston family who had graduated from Harvard. His most important qualities he had acquired and developed on his own; and those who attempted to pigeonhole him according to the categories in his case history were sadly mistaken.

Clearly he was proud of his Purple Heart and his Navy and Marine Corps Medal, but he never boasted or even reminisced about his wartime experiences or complained about his wounds. When a flippant high-school youth asked him, as we walked down a street in Ashland, Wis., in 1959, how he came to be a hero, he gaily replied, "It was easy—they sank my boat."

He was unawed by generals and admirals (even more so as President) and had grave doubts about military indoctrination. When still hospitalized by the Navy in 1944, he had written to a friend concerning the "superhuman ability of the Navy to screw up everything they touch.

"Even the simple delivery of a letter frequently overburdens this heaving puffing war machine of ours. God save this country of ours from those patriots whose war cry is, 'What this country needs is to be run with military efficiency.' "

He did not believe that all non-Catholics would (or should) go to hell. He felt neither self-conscious nor superior about his religion, but simply accepted it as part of his life. He resented the attempt of an earlier biographer to label him as "not deeply religious," for he faithfully attended Mass each Sunday, even in the midst of fatiguing out-of-state travels when no voter would know whether he attended services or not. But not once in 11 years—despite all our discussions of church-state affairs—did he ever disclose his personal views on man's relation to God.

He did not require or prefer Catholics on his staff, and neither knew nor cared about our religious beliefs. Many of his close friends were not Catholics. He cared not a whit for theology, sprinkled quotations from the Protestant version of the Bible throughout his speeches, and once amused his wife by reading his favorite passage from Ecclesiastes (". . . a time to weep and a time to laugh; a time to mourn and a time to dance . . .") with his own irreverent addition from the political world: "a time to fish and a time to cut bait." I never heard him pray aloud in the presence of others, never saw him kiss a bishop's ring, and never knew him to alter his religious practices for political convenience. "There is an old saying in Boston," he said, "that 'we get our religion from Rome and our politics at home.' "

He was born to money and did not hesitate to spend it, but he had no special interest in accumulating more of it. He had nothing in common with those wealthy individuals who were indifferent to the needs of others. He consistently voted—on oil and gas issues, for example—against his own (and his father's) pocketbook. His father had never pressed him or any of the Kennedy brothers to follow in his financial footsteps. Having never had to think about money, the Senator often left Washington without it, and would reimburse me for tabs I picked up in our travels. It is said that in his first campaign for Congress, his mother, after relating her son's talents to a cabdriver, found herself presented with a request for payment of a $1.85 fare he had run up in that very cab earlier in the campaign.

Although he once expressed astonishment that I would ride a streetcar home, he never drove the most expensive car and returned, with regrets to the dealer, a flashy white Jaguar his wife gave him for Christmas in 1957. They lived in a fashionable but unpretentious house and avoided the Washington cocktail circuit.

He never owned a house in Boston. As a Congressman and Senator, he maintained a voting residence in a somewhat plain and faded apartment building at 122 Bowdoin Street, across from the Massachusetts State House, but he was rarely there when not campaigning. The fact that several other Kennedys and their families for a time claimed the same three-room apartment (No. 36) as their voting address was a source of some amusement and some irritation to local politicians. "If he's elected President," one was reported to have said, "he'll be the first carpetbagger voter to get to the White House." From time to time, prior to his 1958 reelection, the Senator considered buying a house in Boston—but since his winters were spent in Washington, New York and Palm Beach, he settled instead for a summer home on Cape Cod.

As a Senator from Massachusetts, he did not insist that his professional staff members come from the state they would be serving and studying. In fact, he preferred that they did not. "That way," he told me, "if they don't work out, I'm under no political pressure or obligation to retain them." He was, however, amused that his assistant on New England's economic problems came from Nebraska.

He entered Congress, he freely admitted, with little or no political philosophy. The aggressive attitudes of many "professional liberals" made him "uncomfortable." But he was not opposed, as he wrote me in the fall of 1959, "to the liberal credo as it is generally assumed. You are certainly regarded as a liberal, and I hope I am in the general sense, but we both speak disparagingly of those doctrinaire 'liberals' . . . who are so opposed to me. . . . The word 'conservative' has many implications with which I do not want to be identified. 'Restrained' is more exact. I know too many conservatives in politics with whom I have nothing in common." When asked which kind of President he hoped to be, liberal or conservative, he replied, "I hope to be responsible." Perhaps his wife summed him up best: "an idealist without illusions." As Senator, candidate and President, his tests were: Can it work? Can it help? And, often but not always: Can it pass?

He could grasp the essence of a complex subject with amazing speed, and his natural instincts were almost always on the progressive side of an issue. But his natural caution required him to test those instincts against evidence and experience. He was a pragmatist with a strong streak of idealism and optimism. To be reminded by daily disappointments that he lived in an imperfect world did not surprise or depress him—but he cared enough about the future of that world never to be satisfied with the present.

For the most part, all of the foregoing would serve to describe him in 1963 as well as 1953. But he was not the same man. For no attribute he possessed in 1953 was more pronounced or more important than his capacity for growth, his determination to profit by experience. He had a limitless curiosity about nearly everything—people, places, the past, the future. Those who had nothing to say made him impatient. He hated to bore or be bored. But he enjoyed listening at length to anyone with new information or ideas on almost any subject; and he never forgot what he heard. He read constantly and rapidly—magazines, newspapers, biography and history (as well as fiction both good and bad). And more astonishing was the accuracy with which he remembered and applied what he read.

In my daily contacts with him, the many changes that this growth and self-education produced rarely seemed pronounced; but looking back over the little less than 11 years in which we worked together, I can see that he changed in many ways—and that he was more than 11 years older. Least important were the outward changes. He became handsomer as he grew grayer, the full face and broad shoulders of maturity providing a more striking and appealing presence than the earlier boyishness. His face became more lined, but the ready smile, the thoughtful eyes and the lack of affectation all remained. He had his hair cut (whatever his office, by the same House Office Building barber) a little less fully in later years, but it was always more ample than anyone else's. In fact, when chided by staff members on the regular scalp massages a succession of secretaries were trained to give him—a custom acquired from his father—he observed that he was the only one in the room who received such special hair treatment "and the only one with all his hair."

His clothes continued to be expensive but always conservative and—once he became a Senator and a married man—always neat. He rarely worked in his shirt-sleeves and never with his tie loosened, though he would sometimes jerk out the tail of his monogrammed shirt to clean the glasses he occasionally wore for reading. From time to time, he would try wearing a hat or a vest to allay fears about his youth, but it never lasted. And he never tried to appear more "folksy" by wearing, in either work or play, an informal bow tie, a gaudy shirt, a light-colored suit or a multicolored handkerchief in his breast pocket. He changed clothes frequently and knew his large wardrobe intimately. When I needed a necktie in the midst of the 1960 campaign, Dave Powers handed me one he was sure the Senator never wore. But the candidate's first words on entering the room were: "Is that my tie you're wearing?"

These outward changes over the years were pale in comparison to the more profound changes in his personality and philosophy.

He became less shy and more poised in his public appearances. The youthful aspirant for Congress who had reluctantly toured taverns and textile mills in search of Massachusetts voters, who even as a Presidential hopeful felt he might impose upon, or be rejected by, each new group of voters, became in time the President who welcomed every opportunity to get away from his desk and get back to the people. While most of the shyness in public disappeared, a well-bred deference in private did not. No one was ever addressed as "fellow," "son," "old man" or "old boy." The wives of his associates were always addressed as "Mrs.," most officeholders, particularly his elders, by their titles or as "Mr."

He became, if not less demanding of his staff, at least more apologetic about disrupting their lives and schedules; and the same was true of the general public. In 1953, as he parked his car in front of a "No Parking" sign in downtown Washington, he smilingly told me, "This is what Hamlet means by 'the insolence of office.' " But little more than ten years later, in November, 1963, he insisted in New York on dismissing the usual Presidential police escort on his ride from the airport to the city, accepting the delays of traffic because of the inconvenience his rush-hour arrival would otherwise create for New Yorkers.

Though his mind had increasingly more with which to be preoccupied, he became less absent-minded and better organized, with an amazing ability to compartmentalize different dates and duties. Even as his schedule tightened and his burdens grew, he acquired more respect for punctuality. He was still always in a hurry and often behind in his appointments, but he less often kept other officials waiting unnecessarily, or asked airlines to hold their flights, or drove dangerously fast on public highways. In his last-minute dashes to the airport during the early Senate days, he would take me along to talk business as he drove, and aide "Muggsy" O'Leary to handle parking and luggage. Muggsy refused the front seat on these high-speed trips, calling it the "death seat." I acceded to his preference only for fear that, if I were in the back seat, Kennedy would turn around to talk to me as he drove.

CHAPTER THREE

There was a curious dichotomy in Kennedy's attitude toward the press. He regarded reporters as his natural friends and newspapers as his natural enemies. He was more concerned about a news column read by thousands than a newscast viewed by millions. He both assisted and resented the press corps in its role of dogging his every footstep. He had an inexhaustible capacity to take displeasure from what he read, particularly in the first half of his term, and an equally inexhaustible capacity to keep on reading more than anyone else in Washington. He always expected certain writers and publications to be inconsistent and inaccurate, but was always indignant when they were. He could

continued

find and fret over one paragraph of criticism deep in ten paragraphs of praise. Few, if any, Presidents could have been more objective about their own faults, or objected more to seeing them in print. Few, if any, Presidents could have been so utterly frank and realistic in their private conversations with reporters, and so uncommonly candid in public, but few, on the other hand, could have been so skillful in evading or even misleading the press whenever secrecy was required. Finally, few, if any, Presidents could have been more accessible and less guarded with individual reporters and editors, or more outraged when anyone else "leaked" a story.

The President knew that the fairness, if not the favoritism, of the reporters covering his campaign had helped elect him, but he also knew that the overwhelming proportion of editors and publishers had been out to defeat him.

At the heart of it all was an attitude he had expressed to me as Senator when complimenting me on my friendships with Massachusetts reporters. "Always remember," he had added, "that their interests and ours ultimately conflict."

From 1957 through 1960 through 1963, John Kennedy's tide of favorable publicity, only some of which he stimulated, helped build his popularity. Certainly it irritated his opponents. But gradually, the conflict to which he referred, which had nothing to do with partisan loyalties or charges of a "one-party press," grew clearer to both of us, particularly in the White House.

As President, he preferred to correct his errors before they were exposed; the press preferred to expose them before they could be corrected. "We're looking for flaws," was the way one White House reporter summed up his role, "and we'll find them. There are flaws in anybody."

The President shrugged off many but by no means all critical stories with a favorite phrase: "They have to write something." Those who wrote in 1961 that he was enamored of power, he noted, were writing in 1962 that he was preoccupied with its limitations. Those who wrote in 1962 that he was not spending his popularity were writing in 1963 that he had taken on too many fights. The reporter who purported to discover "Kennedy's Grand Strategy" for an article in 1962 wrote another article, in the same magazine one year later, entitled "The Collapse of Kennedy's Grand Design."

It is not surprising that Kennedy was more disappointed by unjust errors or abuse in the columns of those newsmen or newspapers he considered fair or friendly than of those he had long since dismissed as hopelessly unfriendly.

His general rule was to say comparatively little to a reporter in confidence, even "off the record," that he could not afford to have published. Occasionally, in fact, he would confide "secrets" to a newspaperman, in the gravest of tones, with the full knowledge that this was the best way to get them published.

Occasionally one of his journalistic friends would take what the President thought was improper advantage of his familiarity with life at the Kennedys'. His refusal to end his long-standing personal ties with these men also caused some resentment among their competitors. But when mistakenly charged with authorizing, encouraging or providing the erroneous information in a Charles Bartlett-Stewart Alsop article on the Cuban missile crisis, the President, unwilling either to repudiate his friends or to cause more damage by specifying where they erred, was equally unwilling to take responsibility for what his friends wrote. He said to me later, "I've never told Bartlett what to write—so I can't start telling him what not to write."

Kennedy's magazine reading was omnivorous, covering at least 16 periodicals including such varied fare as LOOK, the *New Yorker*, the *New Republic* and *Sports Illustrated*. But he did not read everything. He almost never read *U.S. News and World Report*, for example, on the grounds that it had little news and less to report. Yet he read *Time* and *Newsweek* faithfully and felt their condensed hindsight often influenced their readers more than daily newspaper stories. He had his disagreements with *Newsweek*, particularly on the inaccuracies in its political-gossip column in the front, but *Time* was a source of special despair. For unlike *U.S. News and World Report*, it was well-written. Unlike the Chicago *Tribune*, it gave an impression of objectivity. It was in Kennedy's opinion consistently slanted, unfair and inaccurate in its treatment of his Presidency, highly readable but highly misleading.

He never tried to use his position to intimidate a reporter's thinking, to secure his dismissal, to withhold news privileges from opposition papers, to require the publication or suppression of timely stories, to falsify facts deliberately as a means of covering up errors, to blanket as "secret" or "private" any matters that deserved to be known, or to shift the blame for his errors to others. It is true that he informed his friends in the press corps of stories they had written that he liked and stories that he disliked, through phone calls, notes and staff relays. As a Senator, he had gone even farther, writing a letter of thanks in response to every friendly editorial and answering many of the critical ones. A Portland, Maine, editor told me his publisher had suggested to him when he was hired, "Anytime you think no one in Washington is reading you, put in a good word about Senator Kennedy, and you'll get a letter the next week."

Prior to almost every press conference, he protested privately and only half seriously that he did not feel like facing the press, that he envied de Gaulle's practice of meeting correspondents only twice a year and accepting only questions carefully planted in advance to which the answers had been carefully memorized. Yet he always returned pleased with his own performance, occasionally resentful of a nasty question, but eager to tune in to watch the rebroadcast, chuckling appreciatively at some of his own answers.

He was not unprotected and unprepared. The day before the conference, which was usually fixed publicly two or more days in advance, Pierre Salinger met with the information officers of major departments to gather their material on current issues. The President pored over this material, much of which was not too useful, and then breakfasted at 8:45 a.m. on the day of the conference with several advisers, including the Vice-President and the Secretary of State. On the basis of our own reading, Pierre and I prepared lengthy lists of possible difficult questions, usually far more difficult than most of those asked, and the breakfast was customarily spent reviewing those questions and their answers.

On most of the questions Pierre or I read off, he simply nodded for the next one, a signal that he felt confident he could handle that subject. On others, he asked questions of those present or directed that more information be obtained. His answers were never written out or practiced; he simply wanted to feel comfortable with each possible subject. Our discussions frequently produced humorous answers, which were usually too barbed for his serious consideration but which at times I could detect him deliberating as he listened to an actual question at the conference. "It is dangerous to have them in the back of my head," he once told me; and he predicted from the tone of our discussion one morning that the press conference that evening would become "The 6 o'Clock Comedy Hour."

At times, on more serious matters, he would threaten during the breakfast to speak some harsh truth or opinion that caused shudders in the Department of State. "If I followed your advice on every topic you want me to avoid answering," he said one morning, "I would stand up there with nothing to say." Later, when it was suggested that he might be asked about a recent stream of astonishing remarks former President Harry Truman had volunteered on such subjects as taxes and racial intermarriage, President Kennedy observed: "Compared with Truman's advisers, you fellows don't have any problems."

From 3 to 3:40 p.m., we usually met with him once more as he dressed in his bedroom, reviewing last-minute changes and developments. Then he would hurry out with Salinger, muttering once again that he felt doubtful and defenseless about the whole thing.

Regular press conferences and, equally important, the preparation for them had many values. "It's like preparing for a final exam twice a month," the President commented.

On very few occasions, Kennedy received advance word, usually through Salinger, that a particular question would be asked; and on even fewer occasions, no more than a dozen in three years, he arranged to plant a pertinent question in advance. Nor did he attempt to select only friendly reporters in singling out one of the many on their feet after each answer. Many of those with whom he was most friendly asked unfriendly questions, to which he never objected. The sharper the question, the more sharply he felt he could answer. Often, he was champing to give his answer before the question was completed. Questions asked by female correspondents invariably

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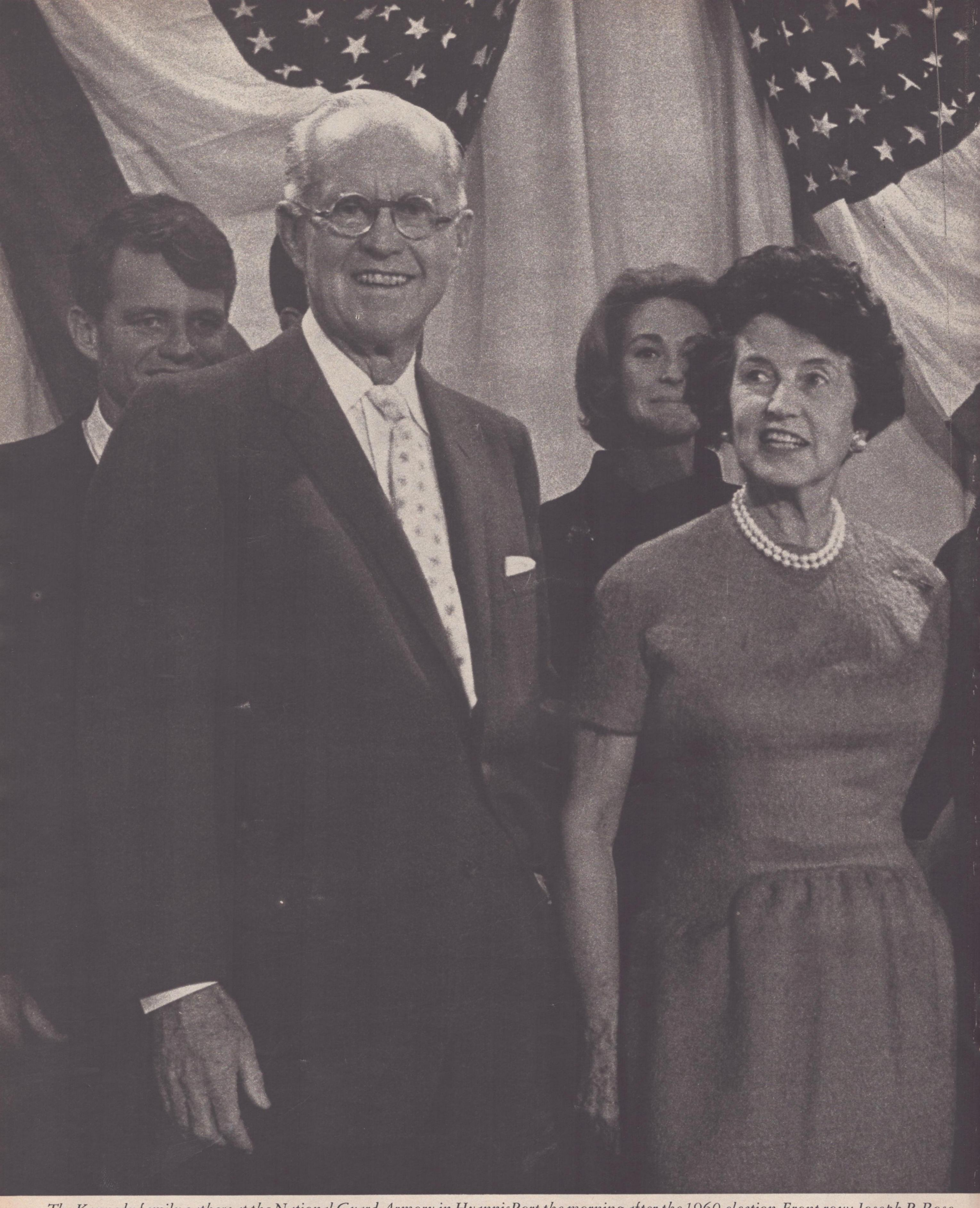
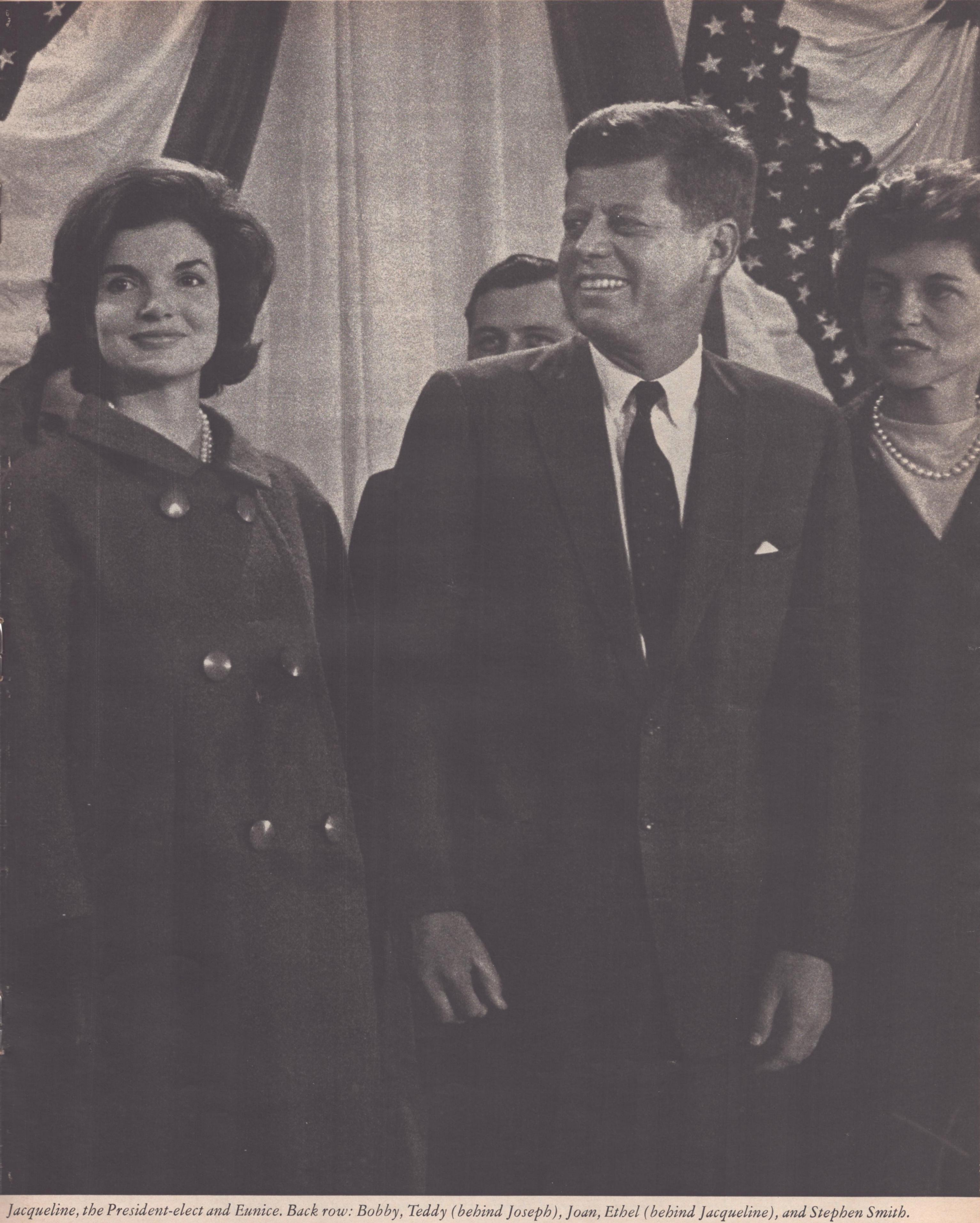


The Kennedy family gathers at the National Guard Armory in Hyannis Port the morning after the 1960 election. Front row: Joseph P., Rose,



Jacqueline, the President-elect and Eunice. Back row: Bobby, Teddy (behind Joseph), Joan, Ethel (behind Jacqueline), and Stephen Smith.

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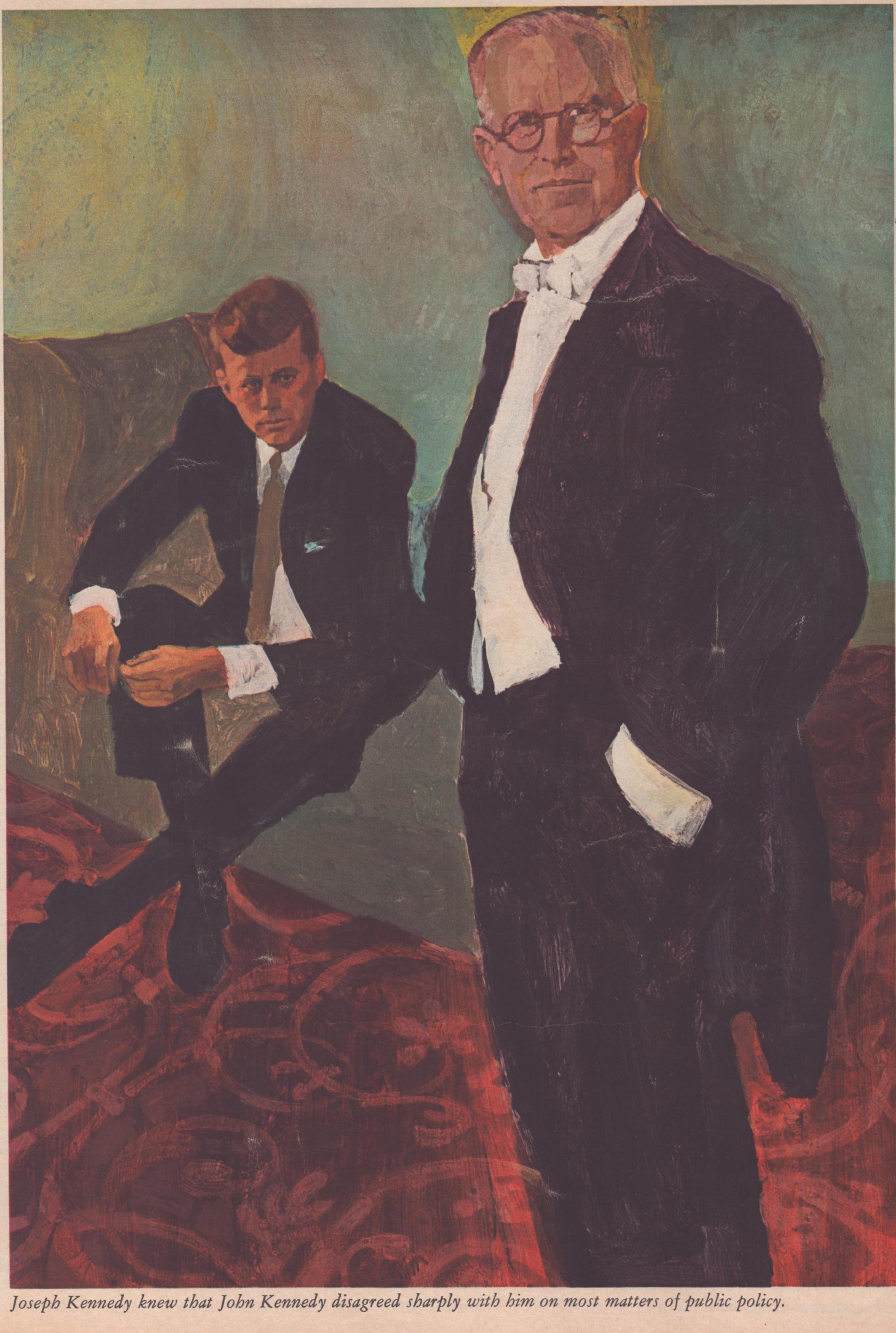


Joseph Kennedy knew that John Kennedy disagreed sharply with him on most matters of public policy.

provided an element of entertainment, if not information. He knew that May Craig's questions were more likely to be puzzling than weighty; but he always shared the television viewers' curiosity about what her question would be, and he always called on her.

One lady reporter provoked a rare show of anger by using a question to brand two State Department employees as "well-known security risks." The President responded immediately that he was familiar with both men, their records and their assignments, which he believed they could carry out "without detriment to the interests of the United States, and I hope without detriment to their characters by your question." But he continued to call on this reporter at every conference. "I'd like to pass her by," he once confided, "but something always draws me to recognize her."

Clearly, in later years, Kennedy was more liberal than he had been as a young Congressman who had, in his words, "just come out of my father's house." He still refused to think in terms of accepted stereotypes or to talk in terms of sweeping generalities or to act in terms of dogmatic solutions. But he cared more about ideas and ideals where once he had cared chiefly about winning. He had talked to me coolly in our first meeting about the statistics of unemployment in Lawrence, Mass. But as we drove through West Virginia in 1960, he climbed back into the car after a visit to a jobless miner's shack visibly moved. He shook his head and said nothing. Unlike those liberals who start out with all the answers, he had started out asking questions.

In the early stages of his public career, his foreign-policy speeches had a militant ring. But with increased perspective and responsibility came a renewed commitment to peace. Nothing gave him greater satisfaction in the White House than signing the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty.

The Senator who in 1954 paid little attention to the historic Supreme Court school-desegregation decision became, less than a decade later, the first President in history to invoke all the executive, legislative and moral powers of his office in behalf of equal rights.

The young Congressman who voted for the McCarran Internal Security Act, and who was—by his own admission—insufficiently sensitive to the ruin of reputations by McCarthyism, became the President who awarded the Enrico Fermi Award to the much abused J. Robert Oppenheimer, pardoned Communist leader Junius Scales, halted the postal interception of Communist propaganda, welcomed the controversial Linus Pauling into the White House and appointed to his Administration several of McCarthy's targets.

He was fully aware of his own growth and evolution. He was, in fact, disappointed that the Burns biography of 1959 had not emphasized "a far greater evolution than he suggests. He could contrast my indifferent record at school with my present intensity." The Senator candidly compared his political development with his scholastic performance. "The fact of the matter is," he told me, "that I fiddled around at Choate and really didn't become interested until the end of my sophomore year at Harvard."

Some might say that he fiddled around as a Congressman and really didn't become interested until his sophomore year in the Senate. It seemed to me in 1953 that an inner struggle was being waged for the spirit of John Kennedy—a struggle between the political dilettante and the statesman, between the lure of luxury and lawmaking. His performance in the House of Representatives had been considered by most observers to be largely undistinguished—except for a record of absenteeism, which had been heightened by indifference as well as ill health and by unofficial as well as official travels.

Having won a Senate seat and a satisfactory measure of glory, he had proved his worth in his chosen profession of politics. It was six years until reelection, and the responsibilities of a freshman Democratic Senator under a Republican Congress and Administration were neither weighty nor exciting. Having borne more pain and gloom than he liked to remember, he enjoyed in his bachelor days carefree parties and companions on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean. There was a natural temptation to spend the limited number of days in which he could count on enjoying full health in pursuit of pleasure as well as duty.

But gradually, the statesman won out, as his convictions deepened, his concerns broadened, and Washington and the world occupied more and more of his time. And as clear as the fact of John Kennedy's extraordinary growth is the fact that many factors contributed to it—his reading, his traveling and the widening scope of his experiences and responsibilities.

Fortunately, however, the gaiety and laughter within him never subsided. As Senator and President, in his home or on a boat, in the pool or private quarters of the White House, and particularly at Cape Cod and Palm Beach, he was always able to relax as intensively as he worked, to catch up on his sleep or his sun or his golf, and to laugh at his children and the world and himself. Nor did he, in his moments of utmost pride and solemnity, ever pretend to be free from human vices and imperfections; and he would not want me to so record him. Like Lincoln's, a hundred years earlier, his language and humor could be as coarse in private conversation as they were correct on the public platform. He followed Franklin's advice of "early to bed, early to rise" only when he could not otherwise arrange his schedule. He had no passion for cards, dice or professional gambling. But he would briefly try his luck on campaign stops at Las Vegas, liked to bet on his golf games and did consistently well in our office World Series betting pools.

Along with the vast quantities of milk he usually drank with his campaign-plane meals, he sometimes liked a bottle of beer. He had, in fact, revealed the drinking of a bottle of beer or two when his father was about to present him with the $1,000 check given all Kennedy boys who did not smoke or drink before the age of 21. When relaxing, he enjoyed a daiquiri, or a scotch and water, or a vodka and tomato juice before dinner and a brandy stinger afterward. He rarely drank in any quantity, and drinking rarely had any detectable effect on him. But he once told me with some gusto of his rather flippant remarks to a pompous couple one night in the West Indies, when too much sun and rum had dissolved his customary reserve. He was not free from vanity about his appearance, and he resented photographers who waited to snap him brushing perspiration from his brow. He would not pose in honorary Indian headdresses or marshal's hats—and could refuse or remove them faster than most photographers could raise their cameras.

Through all these years, as Kennedy learned and grew, it was my unique privilege to learn from him and to grow with him. In the first few years, our working together on legislation, speeches, Massachusetts politics and *Profiles in Courage* brought us closer together. Before his back flared up, we played touch football. We went to the movies in Palm Beach, in Washington and in his father's basement at Hyannis Port, the low quality of some of the films in no way diminishing his enjoyment. We swam in his pool at Palm Beach while discussing politics and personalities. In 1956, I attended my first National Convention with him. And from that summer of 1956 through November 1960, we traveled together constantly, and long hours of conversation and observation forged a bond of intimacy in which there were few secrets and no illusions. Some say that in time I talked and gestured, as well as thought and wrote, like Kennedy. I doubt that he ever thought so, but occasionally, for reasons of time more often than mischief, he would have me assume his identity on the telephone.

It took me a few years to address him as "Jack" instead of "Senator," and we agreed in 1957 that the decorum befitting a national political aspirant required that I return to calling him "Senator" in the presence of others. But "Jack" was still the accepted salutation in private until January 20, 1961.

CHAPTER FOUR

Joseph P. Kennedy played neither so large a role in his son's undertakings as he sometimes liked to claim, nor so small a role as he sometimes preferred to pretend. The usual areas of parental influence were often exaggerated by the detractors of both father and son into a Svengali-puppet relationship. Those who knew Jack Kennedy as a self-sufficient person with drive and desire and independence since early manhood, agreed with the thoughts Jacqueline Kennedy expressed to a 1959 biographer who had overstated the influ-

continued

ence of both Joe, Sr.'s, wishes and Joe, Jr.'s, death: "No matter how many older brothers and fathers my husband had had, he would have been what he is today, or the equivalent in another field." Even in campaigns, the father concerned himself almost entirely with tactics, almost never with substance. He knew that Jack disagreed with him sharply on most matters of public policy, and that they spoke for two different generations. Although the Ambassador seldom refrained from pronouncing his own views, he rarely tried to change Jack's, and never sought to influence his vote. Jack, in turn, never in my experience argued with his father. "I don't attempt to convert him, and he doesn't attempt to convert me," he said.

"You couldn't write speeches for me," Joseph Kennedy said to me at our first meeting at Hyannis Port in the fall of 1953, in tones I later learned were friendly. "You're too much of a liberal. But writing for Jack is different."

Father and son could scarcely have been more different. The "very few" members of the National Association of Manufacturers who supported his election, the President smilingly remarked to their 1961 convention, must have been "under the impression that I was my father's son." Both had a natural charm—but the father, though very emotional underneath, was often dour and gruff, while his son kept outwardly calm. Both had a winning Irish smile—but the father was capable of more angry outbursts than his infinitely patient son. Both had a tough inner core, were capable of making hard decisions and sticking to them—but the father had a more aggressive exterior compared to his son's consistently gentle composure. The father's normal conversation was often filled with hyperbole; his son's speech, in private as in public, was characterized by quiet understatement.

Both had a hatred of war, but the father leaned more to the concept of a Fortress America, while his son felt our concern must be global. On domestic matters, while preferring the simpler machinery and lower taxes of an earlier era, the father emphasized personalities as much as issues. "Do you realize," his son said to me in 1953, "that his first choice for the Presidency last year was Senator [Robert A.] Taft, and his second was Justice [William O.] Douglas?"

Father and son also had much in common: a fierce family loyalty, a concern for the state of the nation, endless vitality and a constant air of confidence, no matter how great the odds. ("I still don't know how I did," the candidate said after getting the usual cheery word by telephone from his father after the second Nixon-Kennedy debate. "If I had slipped and fallen flat on the floor out there, he would have said, 'The graceful way you picked yourself up was terrific.' ")

They also admired, with good reason, each other's political judgment, and it was in this area that they most often collaborated. The senior Kennedy understood the inner workings of politics and politicians. He enjoyed talking to the older professionals, getting progress reports on his son and suggesting the right emphasis for campaign advertising and television. During the 1958 reelection campaign, perhaps stepping over the fine line between tactics and substance, he talked to me at length about the thrust of a proposed television talk, in effect delivering such a talk to me by telephone. Finally, he subsided with the comment: "At least, that's what I would like to hear." And I, more in daring than in disagreement, said, "But, Mr. Kennedy, maybe you don't reflect what the typical voter would like to hear." "Hell," the man whose fortune ran to hundreds of millions exploded, with more feeling than logic, "I'm the only typical man around here!"

He could be, I observed, exceedingly warm and gentle, despite the legends that emphasized only a fierce temper, a curt manner and a cynical outlook. Yet Mr. Kennedy often contributed to his own legend with elaborate claims about himself and his children. Even his son Jack did on occasion. When a newspaper story on Eunice Kennedy's wedding stated that a Kennedy business associate had smilingly acknowledged that its cost would run into six figures, the Senator exclaimed, "I know that story is a phony—no one in my father's office smiles." But leaving the legend aside, the Ambassador at home was a likable man. I saw him only at his home, for he almost never came to his son's office, though they talked frequently by telephone. I had no difficulty in getting along well with him.

I admired Joseph P. Kennedy's devotion to his children, to their education, happiness and success. However domineering his manner may have seemed, he had instilled in them a will to win without ever breaking their spirits. "I grew up in a very strict house," said the Senator, "where there were no free riders." His father had sent his sons to secular public and private, not parochial, schools and taught them to learn from Harold Laski as well as Herbert Hoover. He permitted each child to choose his own career, companions and political philosophy, however they may have differed from his own. He never discussed business or money at the dinner table, but he did talk about politics and personalities. He took pride in his children's educational and literary achievements ("although," the Senator told me of this successful, well-informed man, "I've almost never seen him read a serious book").

To assist his son's fight to the top, he was willing to do anything—even stay out of the fight. He was not "banished," as rumored in the fall of 1960, but took the same summer trip to Europe he had taken for many years.

The Ambassador knew that he was a controversial figure and that, in his son's Presidential campaign, his own opinions were better left unsaid and his participation unseen. He knew he had endowed his sons with enemies as well as friends. Much of the liberal suspicion of the Ambassador was, in fact, unfounded. While it is true that his conversations at times reflected the ethnic antagonisms and epithets that had long characterized East Boston, this hardly made him an anti-Semite, and when he took a group of us to lunch at his country club in Palm Beach, he boasted that he was the only Gentile member.

His son Jack, who was singularly immune to prejudices of any kind (although he, too, would refer in private political discussions to "the Italians" or "the Jews" or "the Irish" in the same way he talked about "the farmers" or "the veterans"), resented the manner in which his father's views on race and religion were both overstated in the press and attributed to his sons. More than one group of voters had to be reassured in 1960 that Jack Kennedy was independent of his father's policies and positions. Harris Wofford, who worked on race relations in the 1960 campaign, tells of Kennedy's reaction to the news that Negro leader Martin Luther King's father had announced his support—after the Senator's phone call to Mrs. King—stating he had previously planned to vote against Kennedy on religious grounds. "That was a hell of an intolerant statement, wasn't it?" said Kennedy. "Imagine Martin Luther King having a father like that." Then a pause, a grin and final word: "Well, we all have our fathers, don't we?"

But Jack Kennedy knew that his father was no bigot, whatever his enemies might say; and, far from regarding him as a handicap or embarrassment, had strong filial feelings of loyalty and love. Once, lunching with a noted radical's son who was involved in a complicated altercation with the Senator's father, Kennedy asked, "Do you always agree with your father? No? But you love him?" Smiling with pleasure at his companion's affirmative answer, he leaned back and said simply, "Same here." At times, he was annoyed by exaggerated statements in the press about his father's forcing him into politics or masterminding his campaign (particularly when it was the Ambassador himself who was both directly and correctly quoted). But he never disowned, disclaimed or apologized for his father or his money. At our first strategy meeting on the Presidential campaign in 1959, the Ambassador made clear that the family's full financial resources were available if needed. ("Not all of them, Dad," said Bobby in mock horror. "Don't forget Teddy and me.") Until his stroke in December, 1961, Joseph P. Kennedy was the vibrant center of Kennedy family life—a constant source of praise and criticism, advice and commands, laughter and wrath. With each successive tragedy that befell the family, he showed the others how to close ranks and march ahead—though some say he never got over the loss of his oldest son Joe.

Joseph P. Kennedy, Jr., was handsome, husky, gregarious, talented, aggressive and adored by his eight younger brothers and sisters as well as his parents. He talked openly of someday reaching the Presidency. Jack, the next oldest, often fought with him, but often sought to be his intimate and, for a time, his imitator. They attended the same schools, traveled together in Europe, participated in similar sports. Both enlisted in the Navy before Pearl Harbor, and both preferred hazardous duty. Rejecting the rotation home that two tours of combat duty and some 50 missions over European waters earned him, Joe volunteered for an experimental mission—flying a Liberator bomber loaded with explosives, from which he would bail out once a control plane had directed it on target. With an earth-shaking blast that was never explained, his plane disintegrated in the air while still over England.

Bobby, nine years younger than Jack, was not so close to him in their youth as Joe, Jr., had been. When I first knew Bobby, in 1953, he had not yet developed the degree of patience and perspective that would later make him so valuable a member of the Cabinet. In those days, Bobby, when crossed, could be as rough and rugged as his physique. He also tended then toward the more militant views that endeared him to his father. But his absolute loyalty and hardheaded judgment made him a valuable confidant of his less argumentative older brother. As Jack's campaign manager, he could be trusted more implicitly, say "no" more emphatically and speak for the candidate more authoritatively than any professional politician. "Just as I went into politics when Joe died," said the Senator, "if anything happened to me tomorrow, my brother Bobby would run for my seat."

Jack replaced brother Joe as leader of the Kennedy offspring. He, in turn, cared more deeply about the approval of his parents and siblings than that of anyone except his wife. He also took a genuine interest in their travels, their spouses, their schooling, their careers, their appearances, their antics and ideas. He took time out in the White House, for example, to talk with sister Pat's husband Peter Lawford about his acting career and even made some efforts unknown to Peter on his behalf.

Most of their wealthy neighbors in Republican Hyannis Port—for Nixon three to two in 1960—had little to do with the Kennedys. ("They never showed such interest," Eunice observed to me sardonically the day after the 1960 election, as we watched the friendly waves of one family that lived nearby.) But the Kennedys were content with their own company. Outside companionship, when desired, was imported from among their own circle of friends. For the most part, the Senator's "social" friends had little to do with the serious side of his life, and his working associates and staff were not involved in his social life.

His closest friends differed from him and from each other in background and interests, and not all of them liked each other. But they were all normal, healthy, intelligent and affable men, and they were all loyal to Jack Kennedy. He, in turn, was loyal to them—one expressed surprise to me after the Presidential election that "Jack still has time to bother with me." But the President said later at a news conference: "The Presidency is not a very good place to make new friends. I'm going to keep my old friends."

Both friends and family volunteered (or were drafted) for Jack's political campaigns. Rose Kennedy was less outwardly combative than her husband and sons. But often, after she had watched her son on television, she would telephone me with a suggestion about some word he had misused or mispronounced. "She's a natural politician," he remarked to me in 1957 with mingled pride and astonishment, after a long-distance call from his mother. "She wanted to know the political situation and nationalities in each of the states she's visiting this fall."

Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy, on the other hand, was not a natural politician, but she was a natural political asset. She had been an apolitical newspaper girl when they met at the home of their friends, the Charles Bartletts, "who had been shamelessly matchmaking for a year," she said. On her first visit to the Senator's office (as his fiancée) in the summer of 1953, she seemed awestruck by the complexities of his work. After their marriage on September 12 of that year, she interested him slightly in art, and he interested her slightly in politics. At first, she found little to attract her in either the profession or its practitioners. Politics kept her husband away too much. Politicians invaded their privacy too often. "It was like being married to a whirlwind," she was quoted by one reporter in speaking about their early life. "Politics was sort of my enemy as far as seeing Jack was concerned."

Campaigning, moreover, was a fatiguing experience. She was an active horse woman, water skier and swimmer, but in some ways as delicate in health as in manner. Touch football on the Kennedy Hyannis Port lawn was a novel undertaking (in one huddle, she said to me, "Just tell me one thing: When I get the ball, which way do I run?"), and she broke her ankle while being pursued across the goal by two of Teddy Kennedy's Harvard teammates. Of greater concern to both the Senator and Jacqueline (as she preferred being known, or Jackie, as everyone called her) were the miscarriage and stillbirth she suffered before Caroline's birth in 1957.

Understandably, she was slow to accept, and he was reluctant to impose, the rigors of campaigning and handshaking. In the early years of their marriage, she preferred to find quieter ways to assist the husband who was 12 years her senior: translating French works on Indochina, learning history to keep up with his reading ("He's much more serious than I thought he was before I married him," she said) and, above all, providing him with a relaxing home life in which he could shed the worries of the world.

CHAPTER FIVE

For much of their first two years of married life, home to John Kennedy meant a sickbed, and through most of the years of his life with Jacqueline, he suffered sharp physical pain. The chief cause of his hospitalization and discomfort was his back, but the cause of his near death in the fall of 1954 was the shock of a spinal operation upon his inadequate adrenal system. This same adrenal insufficiency gave rise to all the health rumors that plagued him for years. Before his nomination, politicians whispered about it. In my liaison role between reporters and doctors, I realized how concerned he was that the public not consider him too sickly for the burdens of the campaign and the Presidency, or too unlikely to live out his first term if elected. Aside from his spinal surgery, his confinements in the hospital for any cause, however minor, were never publicized during his career as a Senator, even though this often meant my offering other excuses when canceling or rearranging speaking dates (one of the tasks I disliked most). On one occasion, he checked into the New England Baptist Hospital in Boston simply as "Mr. K."—although his special back-supporting mattress was later carried by an easily recognizable brother Teddy through the crowded hospital lobby.

The Senator had no wish to falsify the facts concerning his adrenals, but he did insist that whatever had to be published be precise. Thus he avoided the term Addison's disease, which had a frightening sound to most laymen and was interpreted differently by different physicians. Originally, before the newer adrenal hormones were available, Addison's disease carried implications wholly absent in the Senator's case—including tubercular glands, a brownish pallor, progressive anemia and, in most cases, progressive deterioration and death. (The year-round suntan which he maintained through visits to Palm Beach and a sunlamp caused one suspicious reporter to question whether this wasn't a symptom—whereupon the usually modest Senator exposed a part of his anatomy that had not been browned by the sun.)

Instead of the term Addison's disease, he preferred to refer to the "partial mild insufficiency" or "malfunctioning" of the adrenal glands that had accompanied the malaria, water exposure, shock and stress he had undergone during his wartime ordeal. He also preferred, rather than giving the impression that his life depended on cortisone (which he had taken in earlier years and to which his later drugs were related), to refer to the fact that the insufficiency was completely compensated for and controlled by "simple medication by mouth."

Though he was troubled for a time by high fevers, and any major operation was a risk, the insufficiency caused no other illness, and was regularly and routinely checked. In fact, a December, 1958, examination (ACTH stimulation test) showed satisfactory adrenal function. In 1960, however, the rumors were rampant, and two lieutenants of his chief rival for the nomination, Lyndon Johnson—Mrs. India Edwards and John Connally, later Governor of Texas—chose to highlight a press conference with statements raising doubts about Kennedy's life expectancy. Their later explanation was that Kennedy's spirited defense of his youth and vigor on television that day (in reply to a Truman attack) had by implication

continued

cast doubt on the health of other candidates, including heart patient Johnson. Johnson disowned the attack, and, in a sense, the charge helped clear the air. A subsequent explicit statement from Kennedy headquarters and a full exposition in the press put an end to all rumors and doubts—although the Republicans, not unsurprisingly, raised the issue again 48 hours before the election with Congressman Walter Judd attempting to cast doubt on an Addisonian's, and thus Kennedy's, "physical and mental health."

Addison's disease sounds ominous, but a bad back is commonplace. Consequently, John Kennedy's chronically painful back caused him less trouble politically, though it continued to cause him more trouble physically. Injured in 1939 while playing football at Harvard, and reinjured when his PT boat was rammed, he underwent a disc operation on his back by Naval surgeons in 1944, which had no lasting benefit. He frequently needed crutches to ease the pain during the 1952 campaign. When the crutches reappeared in the summer of 1954, he complained to me about their awkwardness, but not about his agonizing pain. When he then decided that undergoing an extremely dangerous double spinal-fusion operation in October would be better than life as a cripple, he did not hint at the risks of which he had been warned, and made plans with me for resuming work in November. But the effect of surgery on his adrenal shortage caused, as he had been told might happen, severe post-operative complications. Twice, he was placed on the critical list, and his family was summoned. Twice, the last rites of his Church were administered. Twice, he fought his way back to life, as he had once before in the Pacific.

But he obviously could do no work, in November or for weeks thereafter. He was totally out of touch with our office from mid-September, 1954 to mid-January, 1955, having in the meantime been taken by stretcher to Palm Beach for Christmas. In February, 1955, suffering from a nearly fatal infection, he underwent still another dangerous operation to remove a metal plate that had been inserted during a previous operation, and he worked on *Profiles in Courage*, bedridden most of the time. He was finally able to return to Washington in May, 1955. Even then, he was required for some months to be in bed as much as possible. And always thereafter, he kept a rocking chair in his office, wore a cloth brace and corrective shoes, and slept with a bedboard under his mattress, no matter where he traveled. In hotels where no board was available, we would move his mattress onto the floor.

Still hobbled by pain until the novocain injections and other treatments of Dr. Janet Travell gave him new hope for a life free from crutches, if not from backache, he bitterly doubted the value of the operation that had nearly ended his life. With several individual exceptions—such as Dr. Travell and the Lahey Clinic's Sara Jordan, who had treated him since he was 11—he had never been impressed by the medical profession, remaining skeptical of its skills and critical of its fees. After his health had been shattered during the war, he wrote his brother Bobby: ". . . Keep in contact with your old broken-down brother. . . . Out here, if you can breathe, you're One A and 'good for active duty anywhere'; and by anywhere they don't mean El Morocco or the Bath and Tennis Club." After his first back operation in 1944, he had written to an inquiring friend: "In regard to the fascinating subject of my operation, I should naturally like to go on for several pages . . . but will confine myself to saying that I think the doc should have read just one more book before picking up the saw." After his 1954-55 operations, he once showed me the gaping hole in his back—not to complain about the pain, but to curse a job that he found wholly unsatisfactory.

When my own back went bad in the midst of the 1956 campaign, he recommended a series of steps to relieve and remedy the discomfort. And when I replied that I would follow his recommendations as soon as a "medical back expert" so advised me, he said ruefully, "Let me tell you, on the basis of 14 years' experience, that there is no such thing!"

He knew the medical profession well. For all his vitality and endurance, John Kennedy had suffered since childhood from a multitude of physical ailments. "We used to laugh," his brother Bob has written, "about the great risk a mosquito took in biting Jack Kennedy—with some of his blood the mosquito was almost sure to die." Never complaining about his pains or imagining new ones, he used (and carried with him about the country) more pills, potions, poultices and other paraphernalia than would be found in a small dispensary. As a boy, he had required 28 stitches after a bike collision with Joe. He had serious cases of scarlet fever and appendicitis and almost died of diphtheria. He had to stop school temporarily when he was 14 on account of illness, and underwent the same experience at Princeton and the London School of Economics. In the Navy, he apparently suffered from malaria, and spent considerable time in the Chelsea, Mass., Naval Hospital because of his back.

As a Congressman, he was so pale and thin that his colleagues feared for his life, and during a round-the-world trip in 1951, he was taken to a military hospital in Okinawa with a temperature of over 106 degrees and little hope for his survival. Looking back, it is impossible to say which of these bouts was due to his adrenals, which to jaundice, hepatitis or malaria, or which of these may have helped bring on the other.

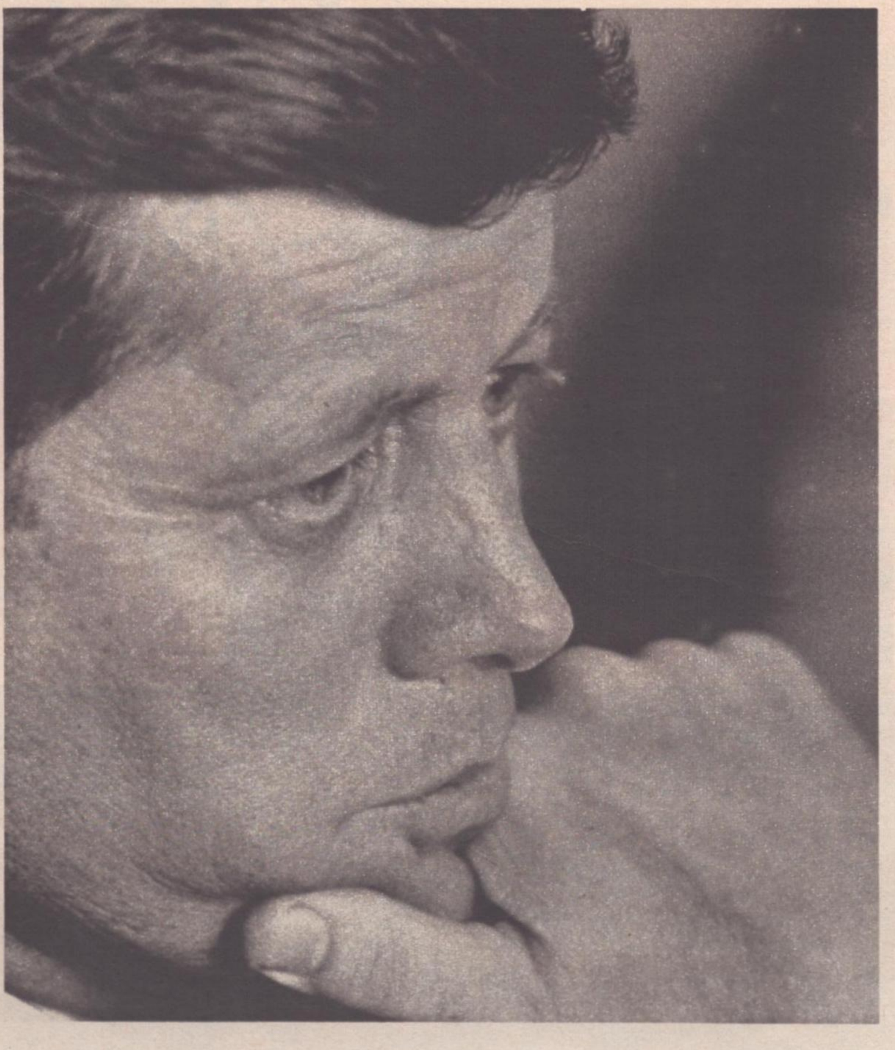
His eyes required glasses for heavy reading, but he wore them rarely for published pictures and never in public appearances. (In the fall of 1963, he told me his eyesight was weaker, and that the use of large type was all the more important for his prepared speech texts.) The state of his hearing required him to request me, during one debate on the Senate floor, to feed facts and figures into his right ear instead of his left.

His stomach was always sensitive—at one point, it was suspected he had an ulcer—and though he did not faithfully follow his diet, he usually ate carefully and often. In the Senate, his lunches were for a time prepared at home and brought by Jacqueline or Muggsy O'Leary to his office. On the campaign circuit, he avoided the mass cooking at most banquets and ate in his hotel room or elsewhere. To keep something in his stomach, he ate frequently during the day—on the plane, at airport stops, before and after a speech, every meal and between meals—great quantities of milk, creamed soups or chowder, sirloin steak, baked potatoes, ice cream and hot chocolate made with milk. (In early 1955, he joshed Jacqueline that her expensive course in French cooking had taught her some imaginative recipes, but not how to make him hot chocolate.)

But it would be wrong to assume that he was a sick or sickly man. He had astounding vitality and endurance, and this made him resent all the more the fact that he had to give up tennis and touch football and at times proceed gingerly with his children and golf. Many reporters and staff members fell weary or ill at his campaign pace, and he invited all those who had doubts about his health to accompany him on his grueling travels. He made no pretense of ever having been a star athlete, despite his prowess in many sports. "Politics is an astonishing profession," he told a banquet crowd as President. "It has enabled me to go from being an obscure member of the Junior Varsity at Harvard to being an honorary member of the Football Hall of Fame."

But he had a strong, agile and nimble physique for a man over 35 years old, 6 feet tall and over 165 pounds. He rarely had a cold and never a headache. Though he drove himself too hard for too long, he looked out for his health in most other ways ("better than 99 percent of my patients," said Dr. Travell in 1960). He took his pills, watched his posture (after his operation, for previously he had been a sprawler), exercised regularly and bathed at least three times a day to relax his aching back muscles. He managed to nap under the severest pressures and on the shortest notice, in planes, in cars and in his hotel room before a speech. He was never a confirmed hunter or fisherman, but he liked to be outdoors, and he inevitably seemed to feel better in good weather.

Yet the pain was almost always with him—"at least one half of the days that he spent on this earth," according to his brother. "Those who knew him well," said Bob Kennedy, "would know he was suffering only because his face was a little whiter, the lines around his eyes were a little deeper, his words a little sharper. Those who did not know him well detected nothing." But Kennedy accepted it all with grace. His philosophy was summed up midway in his Presidential term in a news conference answer on the Reservists: ". . . There is always inequity in life. Some men are killed in a war, and some men are wounded, and some men never leave the country. . . . It's very hard in military *or in personal* life to assure complete equality. Life is unfair. Some people are sick and others are well. . . ." Life was unfair in many ways to John Kennedy. But he never complained. He loved life too much.



In the next installment, *Kennedy vs. Khrushchev: The Showdown in Cuba,* Sorensen begins the true story of the 13 days in October, 1962, when a misstep by Kennedy or a reckless move by Khrushchev could have destroyed the world. He tells of the White House debates in which he participated, of the advisers who felt the U. S. should do nothing, and reveals for the first time Eisenhower's surprising suggestion.

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Kellogg's SPECIAL K

EIGHT JAPANESE WOMEN

Confused by the shattering idea of feminine rights, young Japanese women mix the ancient traditions of their country with culture imported from the U. S. A.

THRILL SEEKER Takako Hara, 18, races through Tokyo with her boyfriend to a cool-jazz coffee shop, where they will put eyedrops in their beer for kicks. Takako wears tight slacks, eats ham sandwiches and does the twist. Before the war, Japanese girls who showed signs of Western influence were sometimes beaten in the streets. Today, even anti-U.S. demonstrators imitate U.S. styles, including some of our more tasteless exports.

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAL BERNSTEIN

continued

CHORUS GIRL
Kanako Kodera earns $53 a month dancing four shows daily at a Tokyo theater, where she plays a geisha and a cowgirl. Many of her friends undergo cosmetic surgery to acquire permanent Caucasian features. Surgeons fold eyelids to make eyes seem bigger, elongate noses, lighten skin pigment, enlarge bosoms.

EAST-WEST conflict divides Hiroyo Watanabe. She straddles traditional and modern worlds, has deep roots in neither. Her favorite movie stars are Toshiro Mifune and Kirk Douglas. Hiroyo wears her hair in latest French style, but takes lessons in tea ceremony, flower arrangement and *koto* (zither). Young girls seldom wear kimonos downtown; many older people wear them everywhere.

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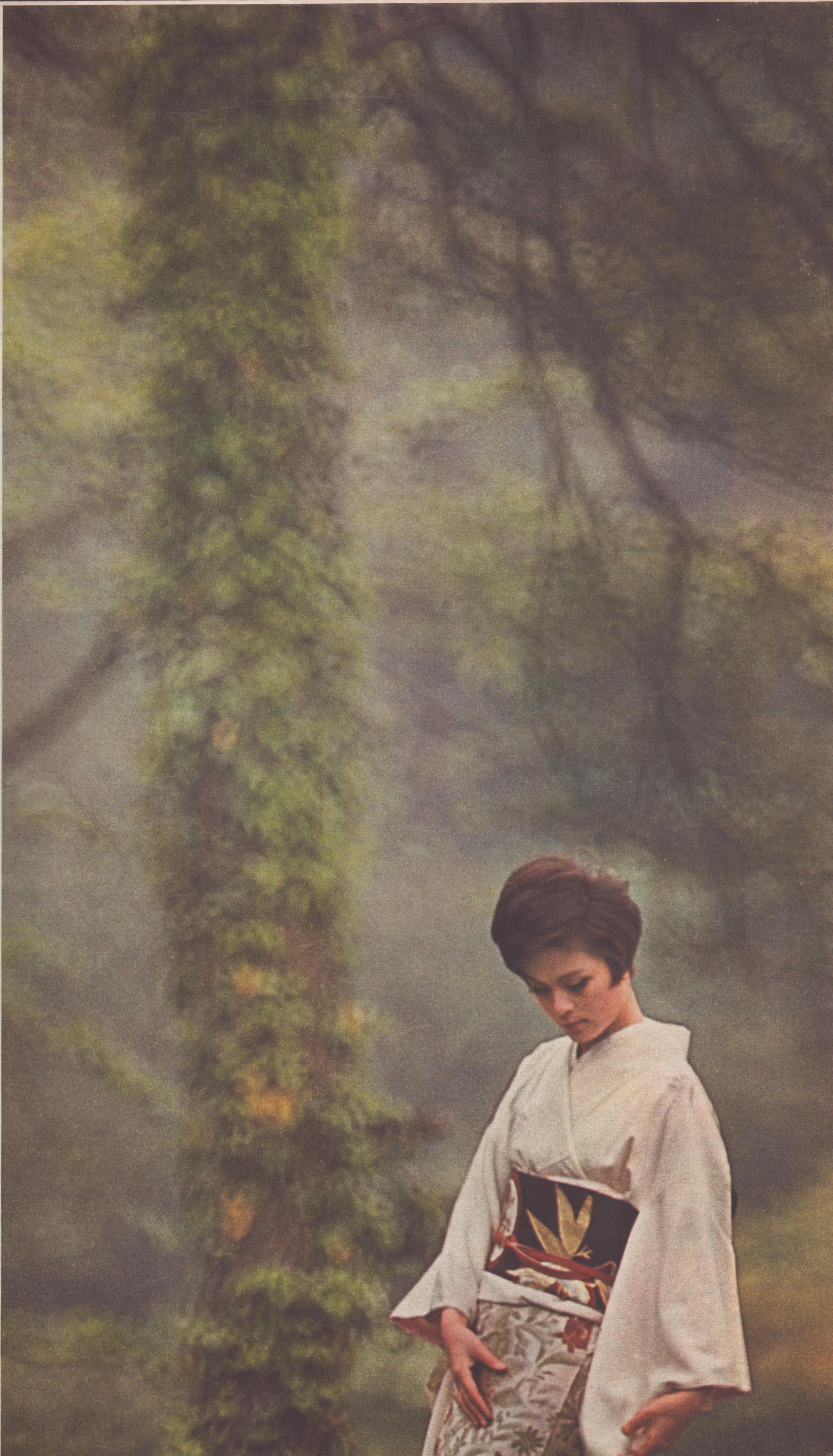
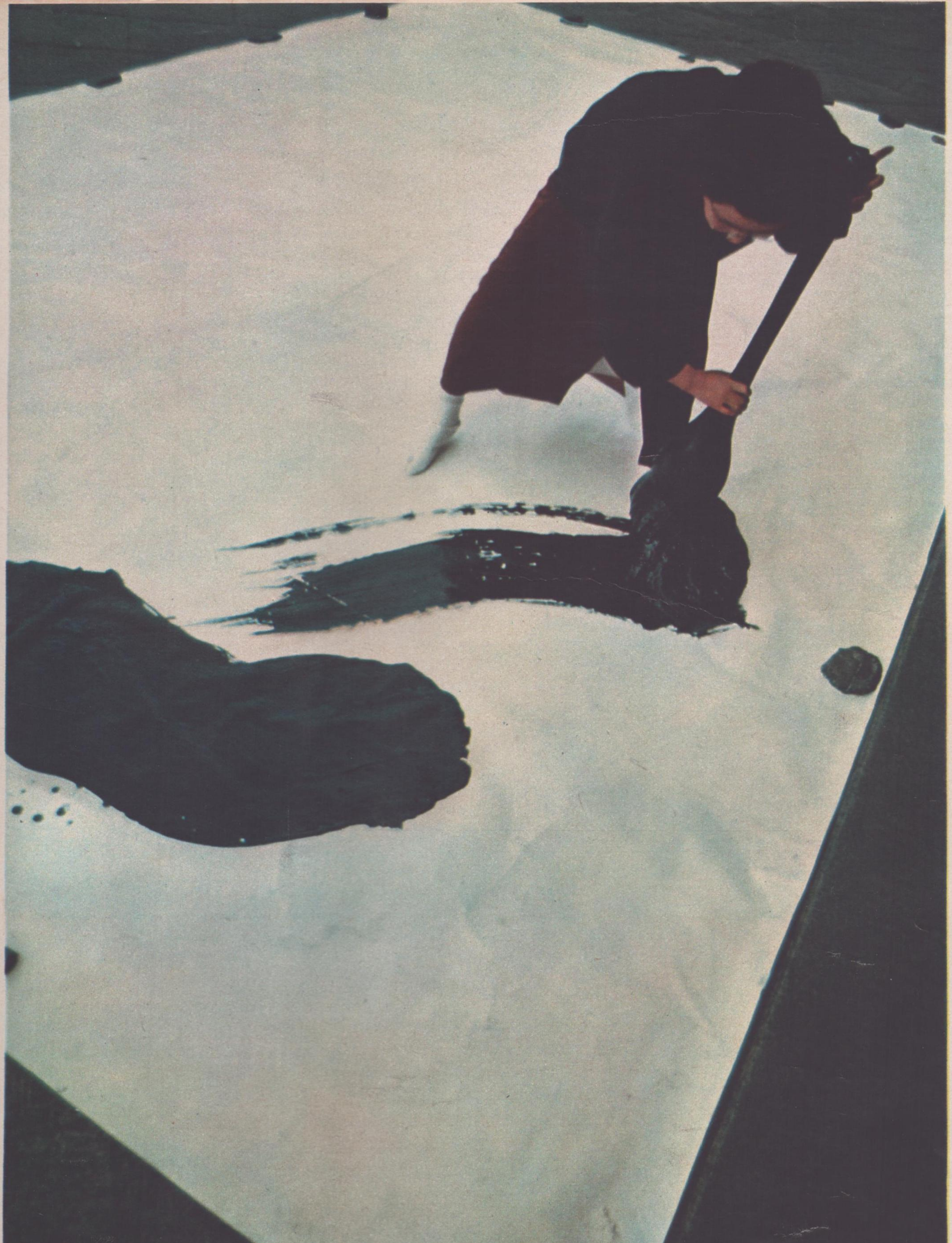


TEEN-AGER Mieko Ohno, daughter of a financier, has been riding for half of her 14 years. Despite the political conservatism of their class, trade and travel have exposed Mieko's family to Western ideas since the Meiji Restoration, 100 years ago. The elite, who have always been internationally sophisticated, spoke French, smoked Dutch cigars and emulated English riding habits before World War II. Girls like Mieko are making the most graceful transition to Japan's new culture.



AVANT-GARDE ARTIST Mari Imai of Yokohama experiments with new form of an ancient craft. Mari begins with Japanese and Chinese characters, adopts huge-brush techniques of abstract expressionists. She considers some canvases to be art, others pure calligraphy, depending upon how literally she follows the characters and how much she improvises.

SEAWEED DIVER Yoko Higashi earns $150 a month during the four months a year North Pacific waters are bearable. Women have been diving around Onjuku for over 500 years. Yoko, 17, wears a hair switch from her house to the beach every day, discards it while working. She requested permission to change from the old-style uniform to a turtleneck sweater, but diving-association officials refused to allow the change.

continued

The women can't lose. They had nothing to begin with.

ON A DAY favorably augured by the calendar, Kyoko and Mitsunori nervously entered a Shinto wedding shrine in Tokyo. Kyoko, during the long afternoon of ceremonies, successively wrapped herself in a rented, silken wedding kimono, a white Western bridal gown, another and more formal kimono and, finally, a Western dress for the honeymoon.

Japanese weddings have always been a show of feudal vanity. Today, they also bear witness to the cultural confusion facing Japan's postwar generation. Only the imminent bankruptcy of the groom remains the same.

After the honeymoon, Kyoko and Mitsunori Chigita set up housekeeping in a five-room apartment, with overstuffed chairs in the Western-style living room and *futon* (bed mat) for sleeping on the floor of their Japanese-style bedroom. An electric cooking range and a hibachi heater are the standard appliances.

A good Japanese wife, Kyoko finds her greatest pleasure in pleasing her husband. She is the first one up in the morning and the last to get to bed at night. Her husband always bathes first. During the day, she diligently studies housewifely arts with the neighbors.

Kyoko and Mitsunori never go out together socially. But Kyoko will have a hot meal waiting for Mitsunori, no matter what time he comes home from the office, or a bar, or a night on the town. Unlike her mother, however, Kyoko may ask where Mitsunori has been until 3 a.m. Unlike his father, Mitsunori may lie. In some ways, young Japanese men imitate their parents, but they often feel guilty about their actions.

Families still arrange 70 percent of the marriages in Japan, although Kyoko and Mitsunori represent a "modern love marriage." Mitsunori had rejected three brides offered by go-betweens. Of these, one could not cook, the second he considered too worldly to become a good mother, and the third did not speak English well enough. Love or physical beauty were not the only qualifications considered by either parents or son. They assumed that if Mitsunori were interested in these qualities, he could find them outside of his home.

Japan remains a man's country. Behind the façade of the modern architectural revolution in cosmopolitan Tokyo, the feudal family system is still deeply entrenched. People reared in the ancient tradition have hardly changed their attitudes about the second-class status of women. Before the war, Japanese women had no rights, only duties. They were not equal before the law. Humble, polite, above all obedient, a woman did not even complain, for it would do no good. If her husband behaved savagely, she submitted. Incapable of supporting herself, except as a streetwalker, too disgraced to go home to mother if she left her husband, a wife accepted an unhappiness that was hopeless. Her father and brothers had absolute authority over her in childhood, her husband in marriage, and her sons in old age.

Although the 1946 Constitution declares men and women equal, few people over the age of 30 believe it. Old customs are too deeply engraved, old women too conservative. These traditional attitudes of Japan are not yielding; they are dying off. Only those Japanese under 10 at the end of the World War II, and now approaching 30, feel democratic. This postwar generation will become a dominant majority of the population in another 10 years. They are the first Japanese not schooled in the precept that boys are superior to girls; they have watched GI's, U.S. films and TV all their lives. They have been thoroughly infected by Western influences.

Even women in farming villages, who still walk three paces behind their husbands, can sense a different world coming. For they have seen machines invading the rice paddies, and labor on all fours is on the way out. The rural schools, like the big-city ones, are giving tomorrow's women the feel of equality. In other times, female education was considered dangerous. Today, 125,000 girls are enrolled in colleges and universities. With 50 percent of Japanese women employed, some earning as much as their husbands, wives need no longer defer. They can achieve financial independence.

Japanese wives, like Kyoko, have always managed the household budget. The day may come when they will also control the principal.

PRIESTESS Genko Nagata, 23, had been a nun for six years before entering this Zen Buddhist monastery in Kyoto. Head-shaven Genko will be cloistered here for three years of self-denial and contemplation. Women are regarded as equals in her highly individualized religion.

BRIDE Kyoko Chigita wears traditional Shinto headband "to cover horns of the devil," a geisha-style wig and chalky makeup to hide her emotions. The ceremony, including elaborate costume changes, cost the equivalent of the groom's annual income. Although Kyoko, 25, quit her secretarial job after the wedding, husband Mitsunori's $175-a-month salary as a photographer will enable them to live up to the standards of Japan's expanding middle class.

END

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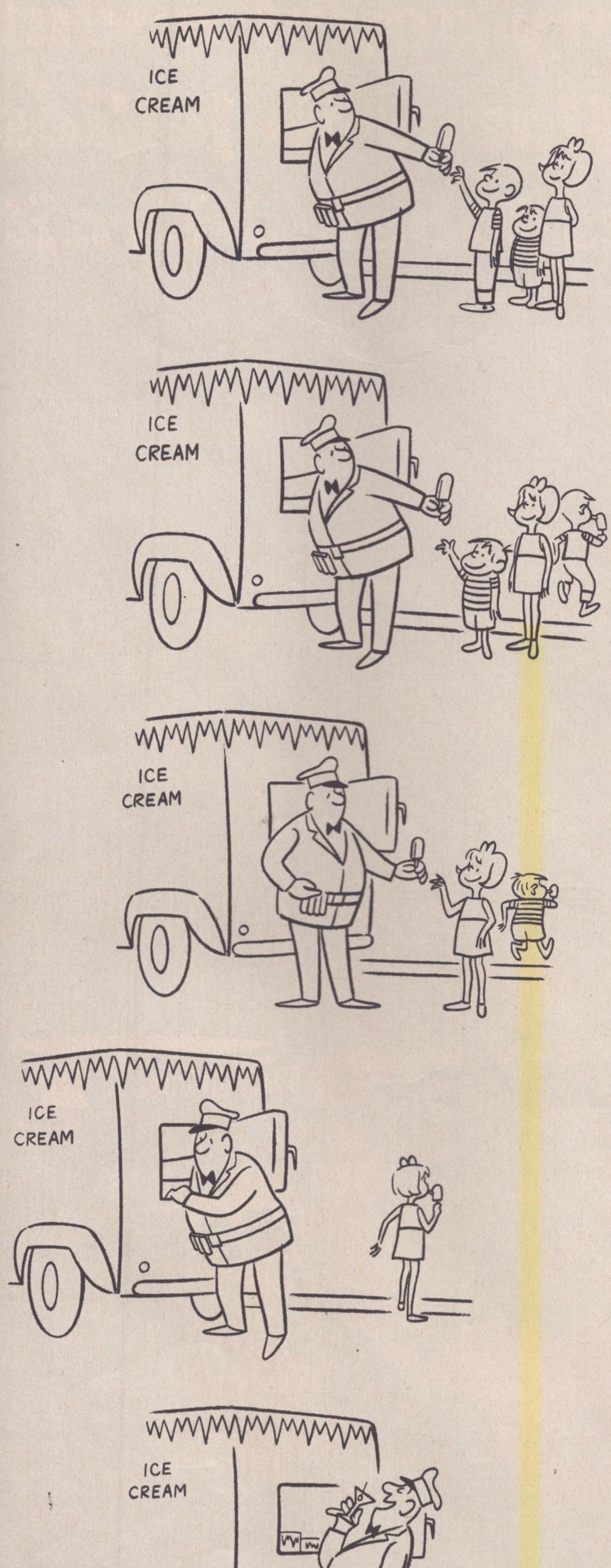
REFRESHMENTS


ICE CREAM
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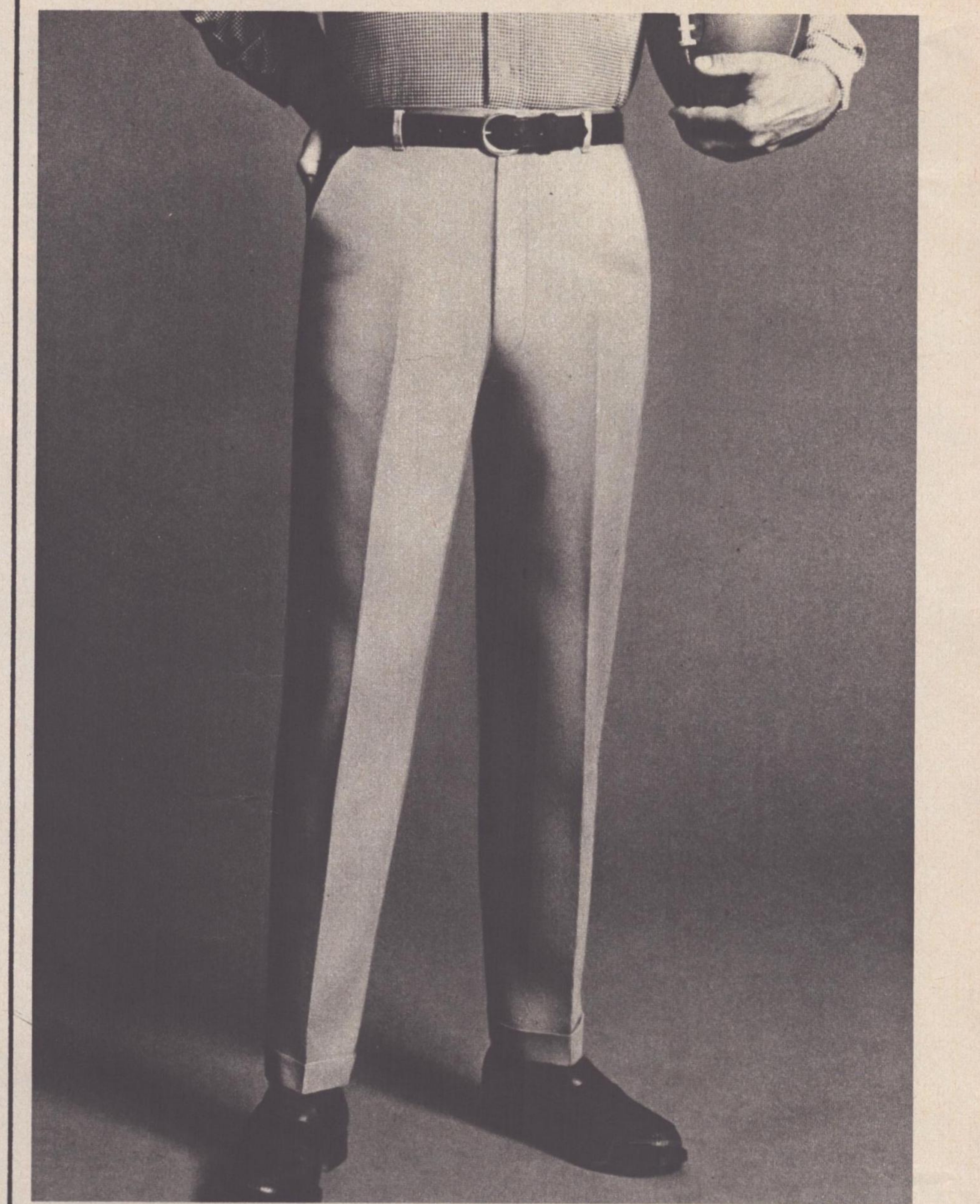
VAHAN SHIRVANIAN



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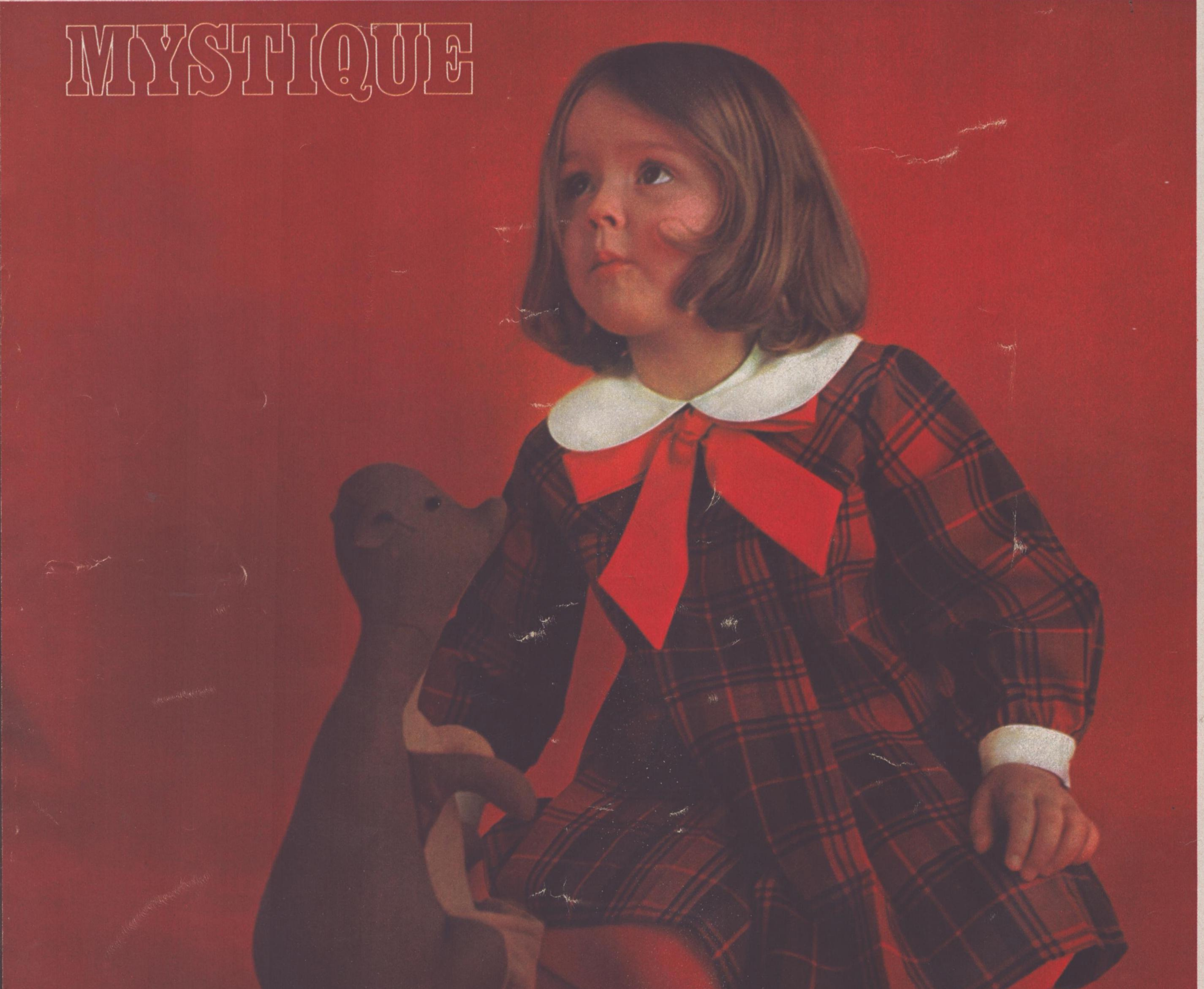
CHILDREN'S CLOTHES INSPIRED BY

THE POOH MYSTIQUE

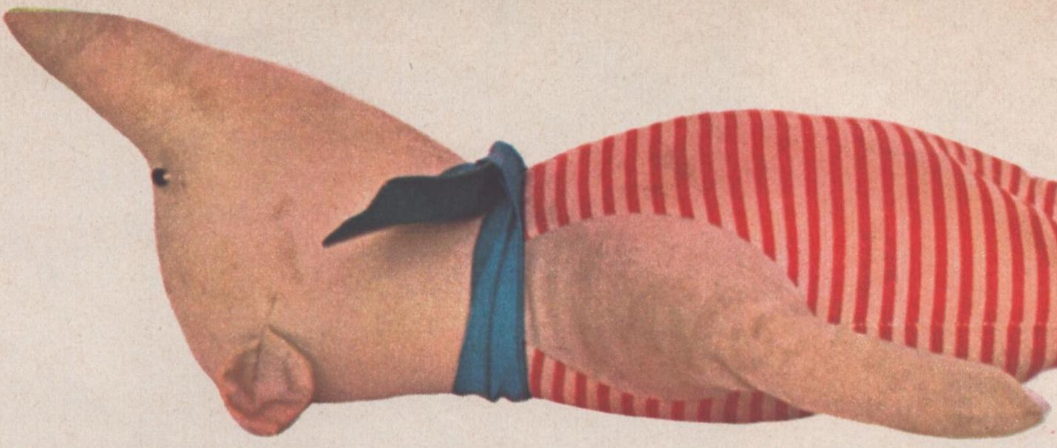
FOR A SILLY old bear of no brain at all, A. A. Milne's classic character is quite a creature of influence. Pooh Bear has recently inspired a party game ("Pin the Tail on Eeyore") and hand puppets by a California design firm, a best-selling satire, *The Pooh Perplex,* by U of Cal professor Frederick C. Crews, and a new Disney short for February release. Now comes the first annual collection of Winnie-the-Pooh children's fashions in Sears's fall-winter catalog, currently chunking into 10 million U.S. mailboxes. Worn here by small Londoners, the clothes are young Mod versions of Christopher Robin's, appealingly priced from $8 for blazer to $6-$7 for the dresses. ***Pooh Bear comments:*** "When you go after honey with a balloon, the great thing is not to let the bees know you're coming."

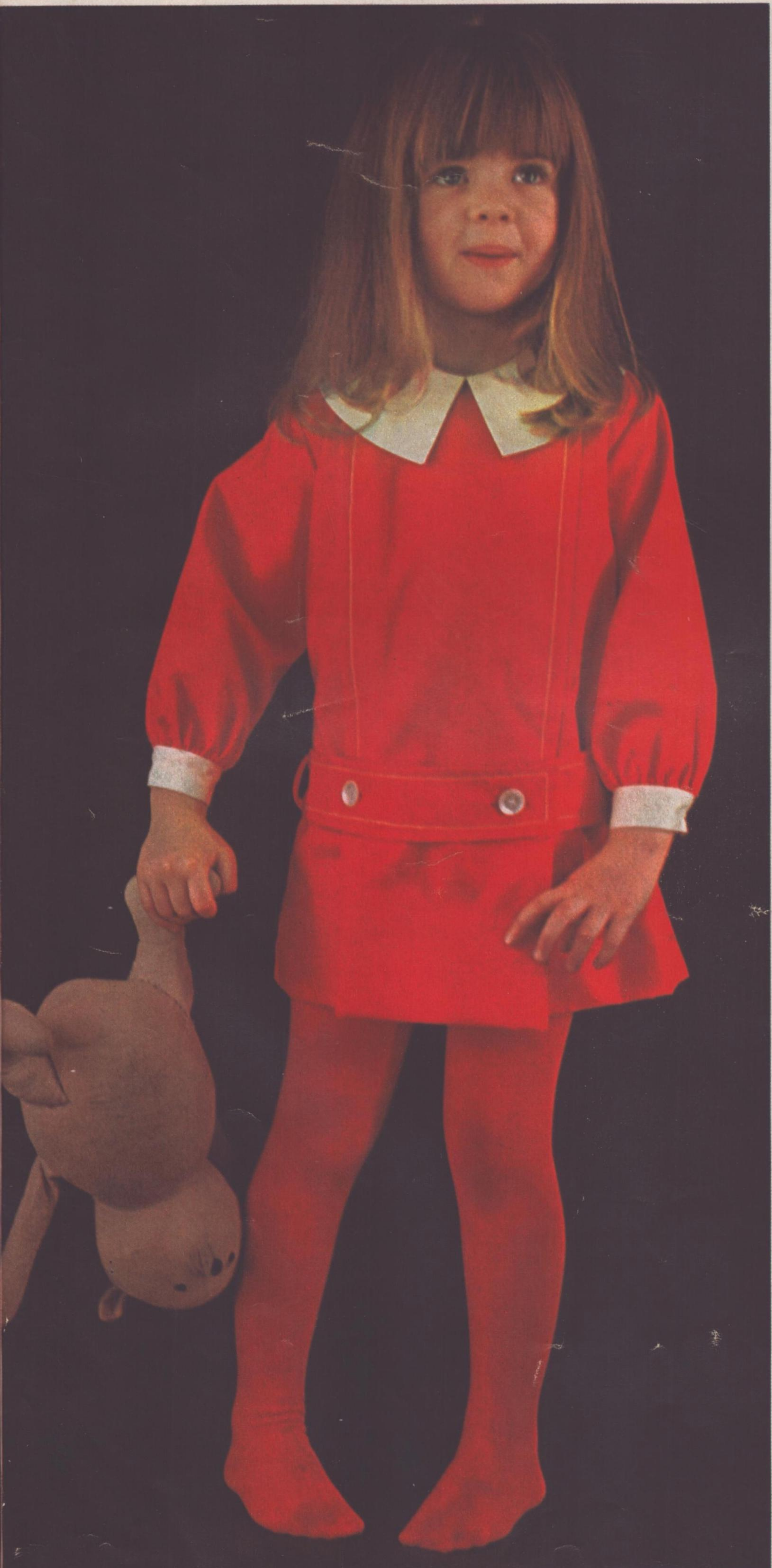


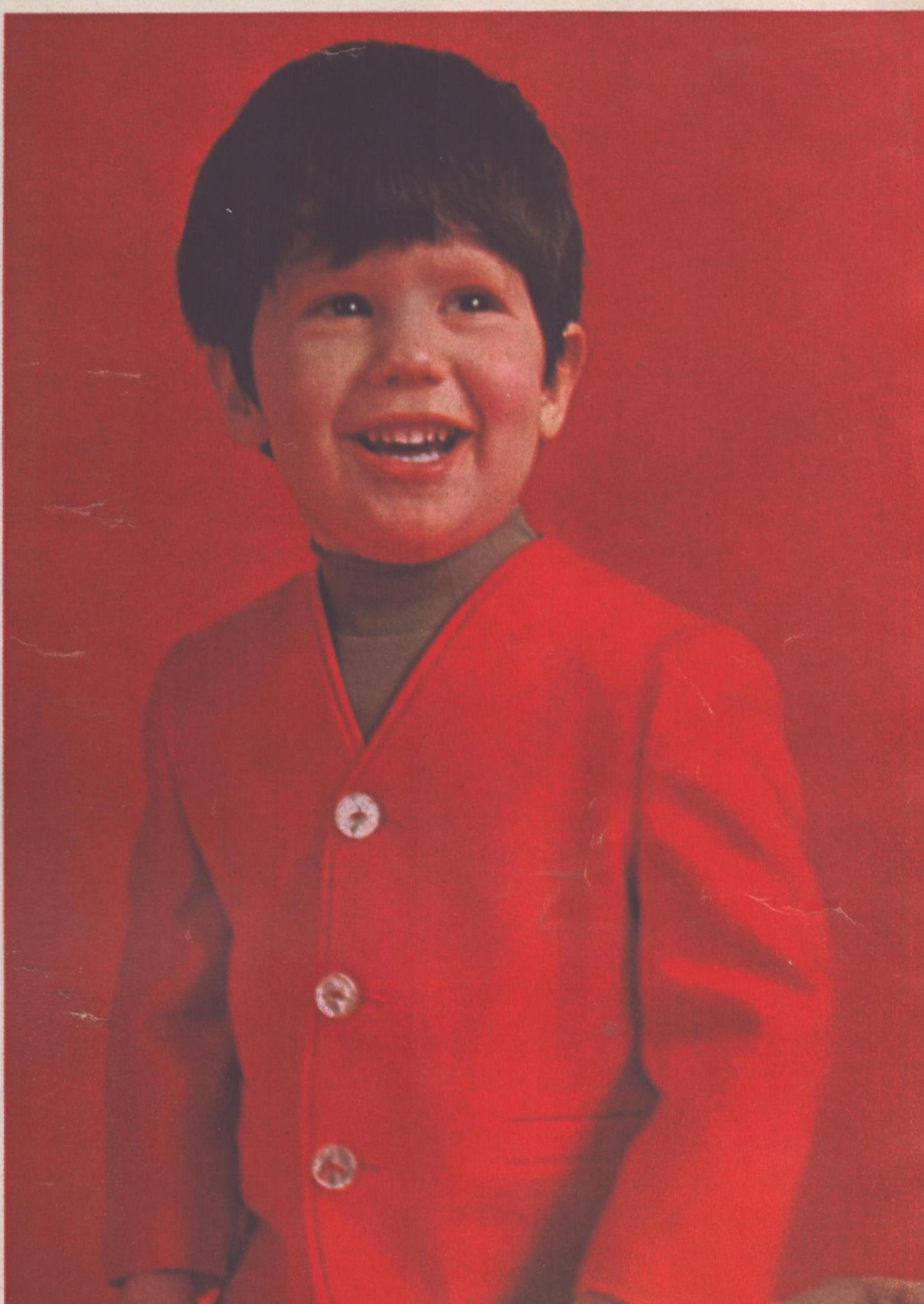
Christopher Robin red sets this color scheme. Above, Kanga and Baby Roo inspect plaid smock worn by Estelle, daughter of the Nicholas de Wintons (he is a leading London businessman).

India-Jane Birley (right), holding Pooh in usual head-down position, poses in cotton dress from Sears's catalog cover. Her parents, Lady Annabel and Mr. Mark Birley, own Annabel's, a fashionable London discothèque.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SANDRA LOUSADA







For Ben Coleman: a scarlet wool-and-nylon blazer and turtle-neck sweater. Ben's father John is film critic for The New Statesman; *his mother is with the Sunday* Times.

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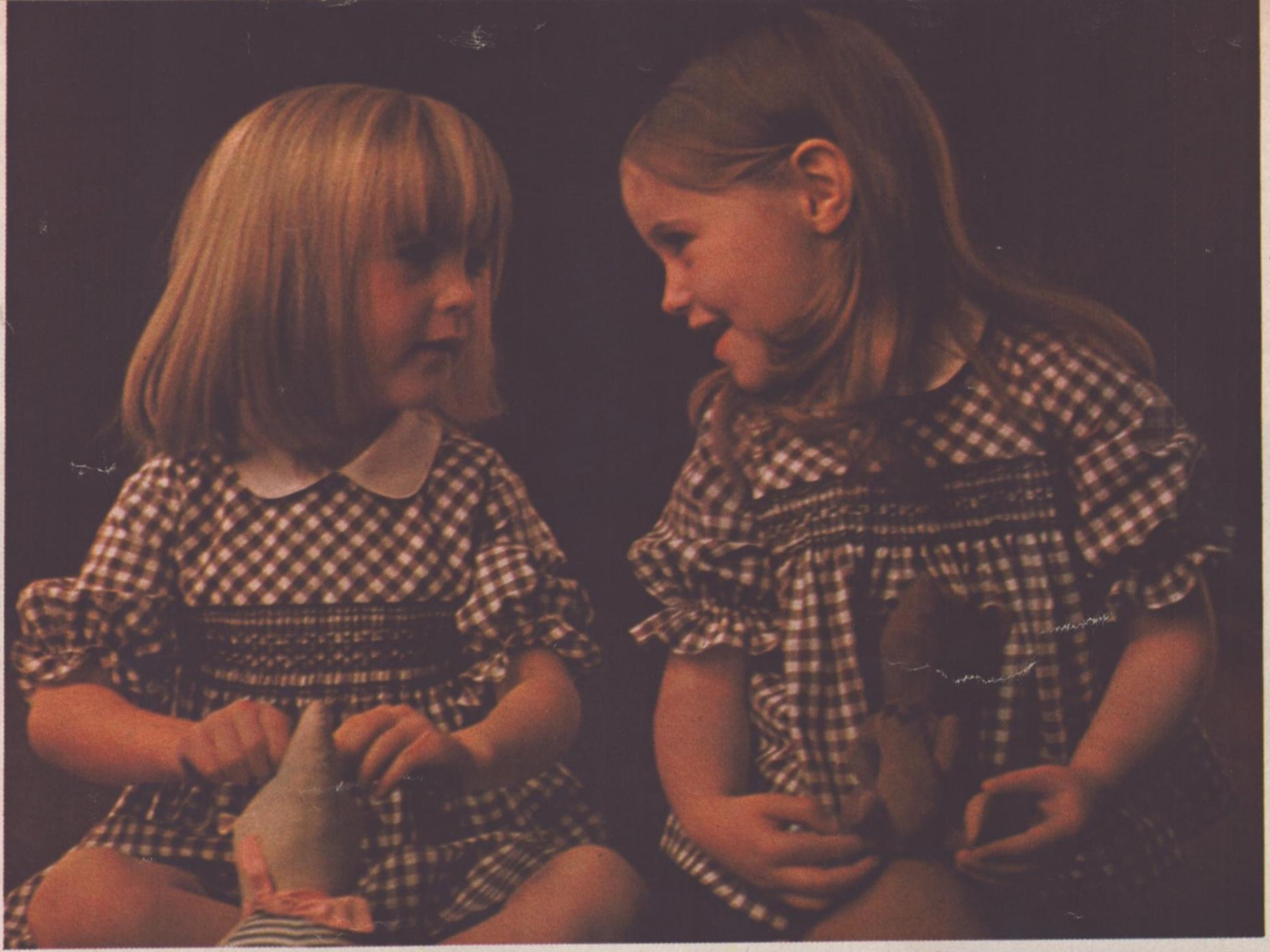
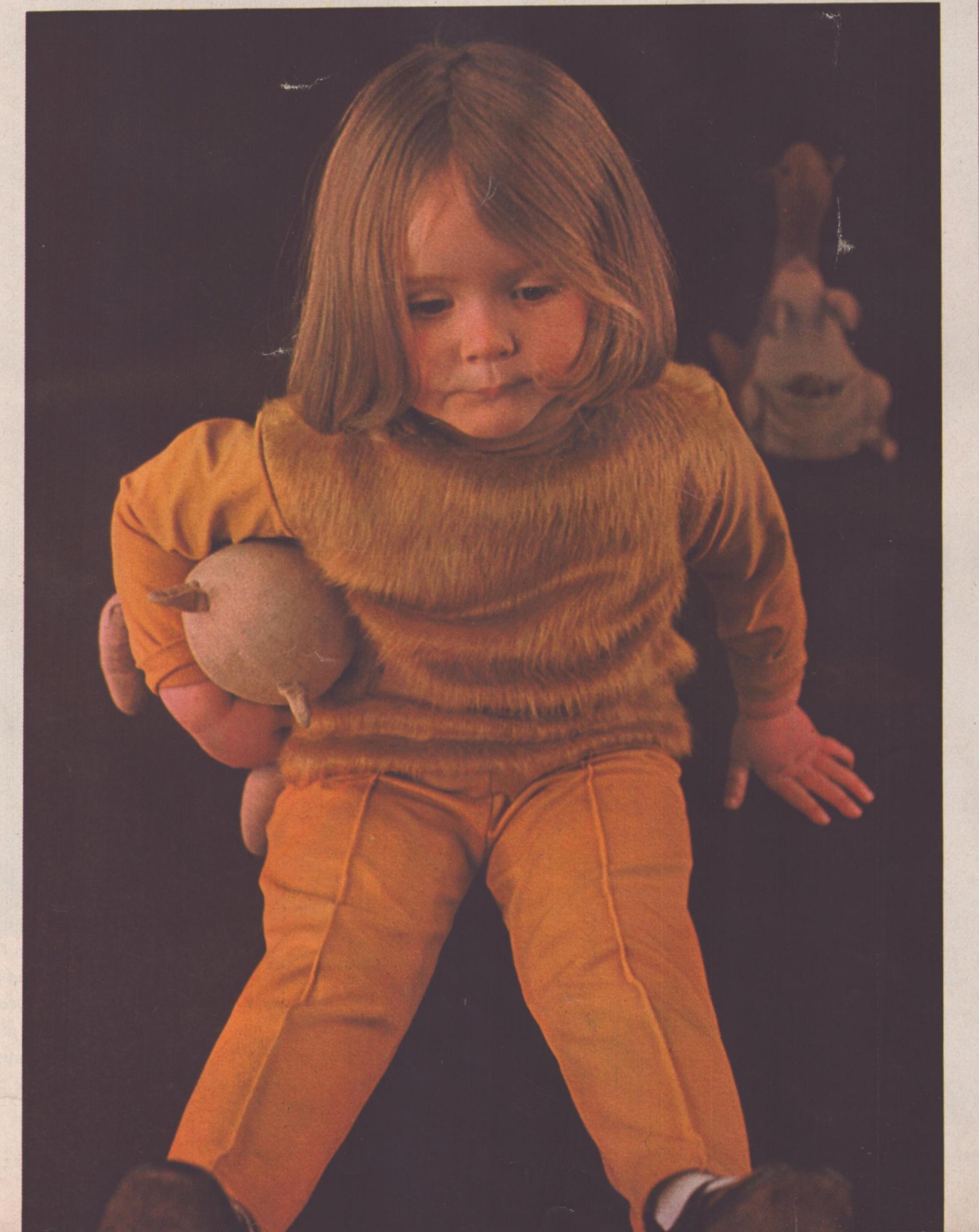
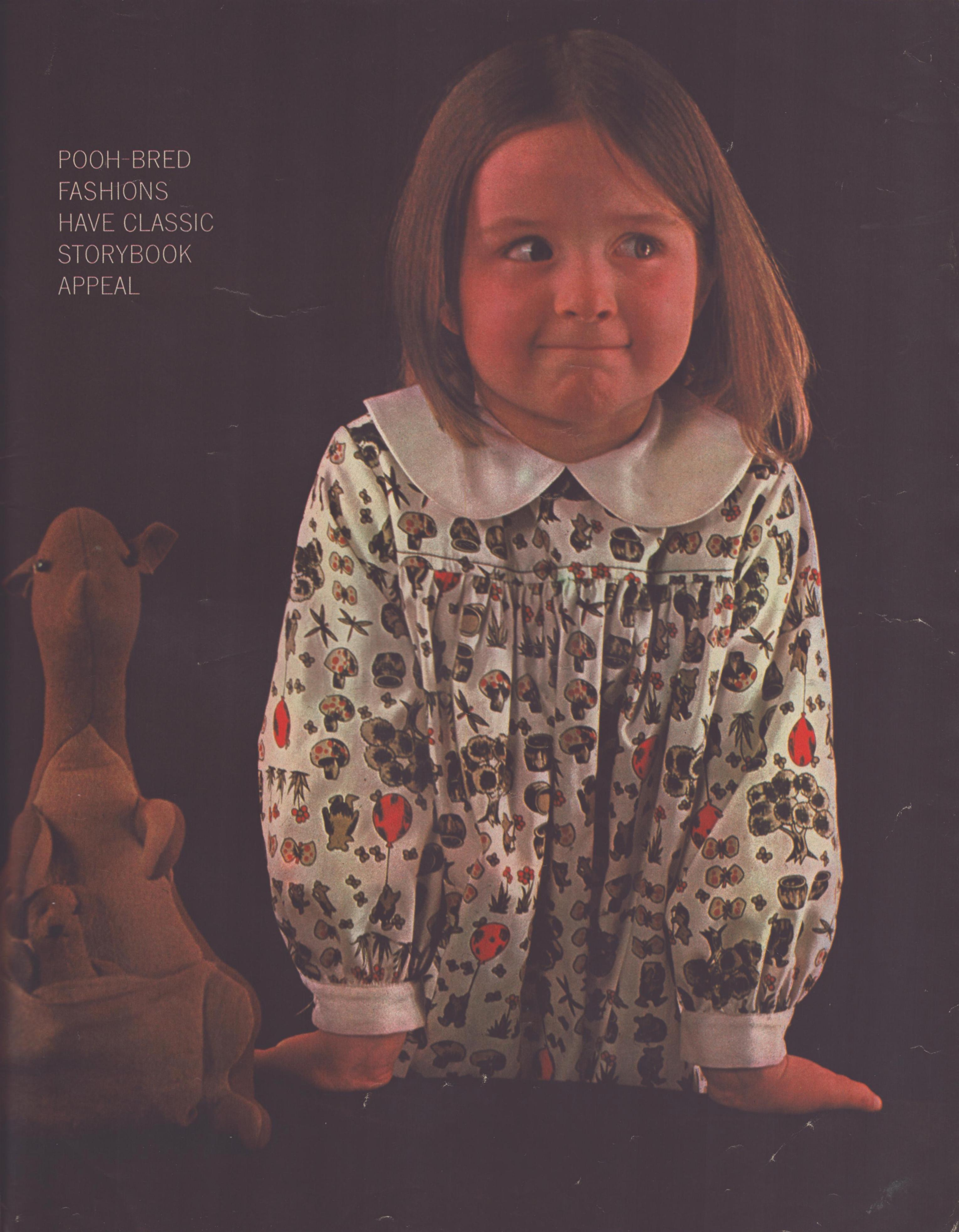




Crisp in smocked checks (above): young English model Julie Rushton, right, and Lucie Stephens, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stephens (he acts in the National Theatre Company). At right, warm and cuddly and very up-to-date Poohsville: Estelle de Winton in shaggy-bear pullover, nylon stretch pants. Far right: Sir John (MP) and Lady Eden's daughter Charlotte ends our story, wearing the only line-for-line Pooh copy in the collection—a cotton smock dress printed with Ernest H. Shepard's drawings of Pooh Corner.

POOH-BRED FASHIONS HAVE CLASSIC STORYBOOK APPEAL



a

great pasta dish

FROM A 30-MINUTE SAUCE

PASTA SPELLS temptation. It spells calories, seconds, bread, butter and wine. But few turn this dish down. And it needn't be sauced only by meat or meatballs, or cooked to glue stage, or take all day to make, as many believe. For most Italian sauces cook as quickly and easily as the colorful *filetto* on linguine, opposite.

As with any "plural" dish, remember the base. Cook pasta, stirring, in boiling, salted water in a *big* pot. See that your watched pot boils—violently! Serve when still firm to the tooth, *al dente* (no rinsing if domestic), sauce layered or gently mixed.

Here: six light, meatless sauce recipes, each for 4-6, each a half hour or less in the cooking . . . unless you take an hour to chop an onion.

FILETTO DI POMODORO CON VERDURA (summer vegetable sauce): Heat ⅓ cup olive oil, ¼ cup butter in large skillet. Add 1 each finely diced, large onion, small carrot; cook golden brown. Add large can (1 qt.) tomatoes; salt tomatoes well; mash in with fork. Simmer, uncovered, 30 mins., stirring. Brown in butter 1 cup diced, unpeeled eggplant, 1 finely chopped carrot, 2 tbsps. pine nuts; add to sauce. Cook few mins., stirring. Serve on linguine. Top with capers, black pepper.

AND 5 MORE

SALSA MARINARA (mariner's sauce): Heat ⅔ cup olive oil in large skillet. Add 2 cloves minced garlic; cook golden. Add large can (1 qt.) tomatoes; salt tomatoes well; mash in with fork. Add ½ tsp. crushed red pepper, ¼ tsp. oregano, black pepper. Simmer, uncovered, 30 mins., stirring. Serve on spaghettini. Top with cut parsley.

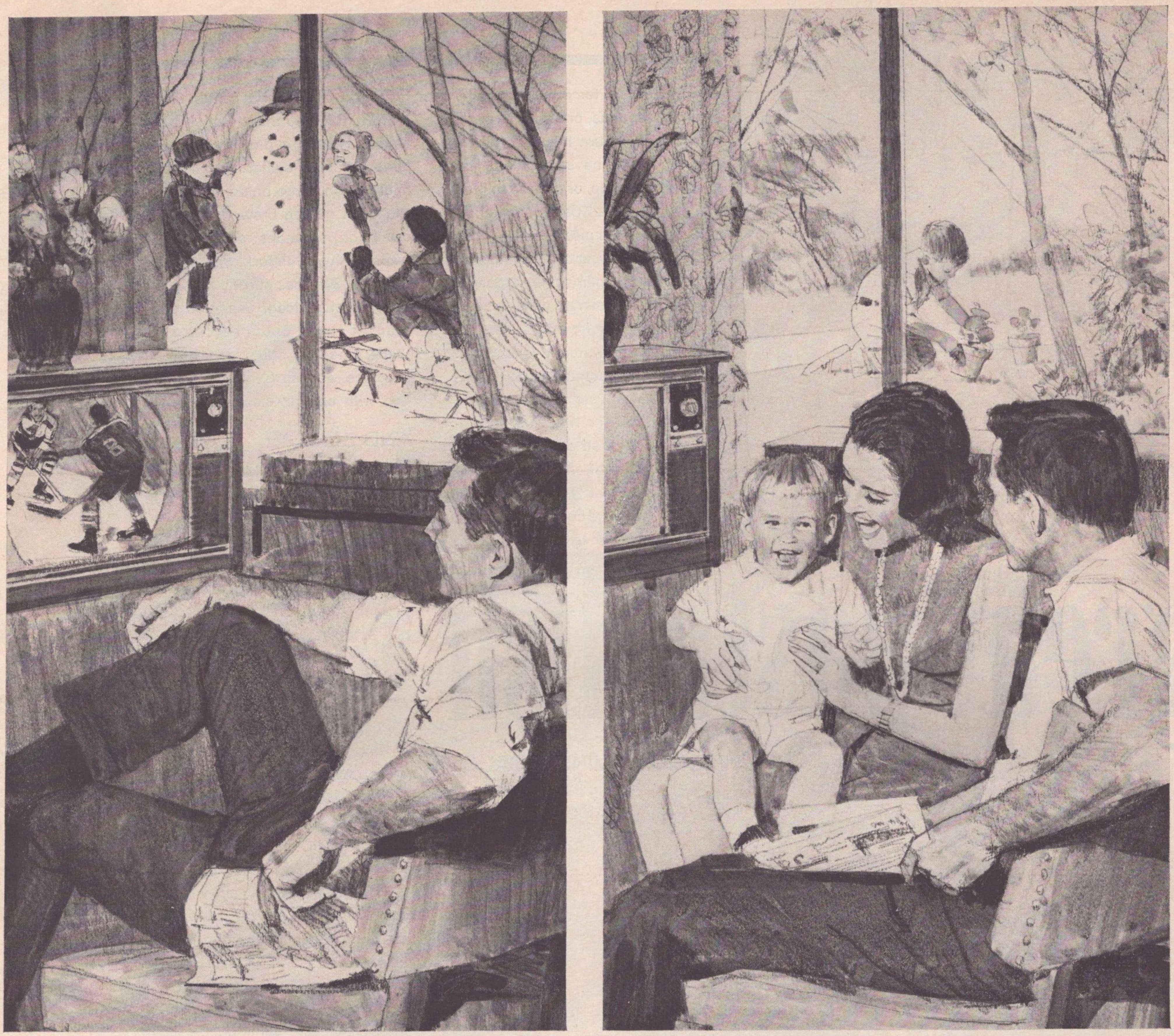
AGLIO OLIO (garlic-oil sauce): Heat 1½ cups olive oil in large skillet. Add 2 cloves thinly sliced garlic; cook golden. May remove to serve on fettuccine. May top with red-pepper flakes, cut parsley, Parmesan.

CAVOLFIORE CON PASTA (cauliflower with pasta): Heat 1 cup olive oil in large skillet. Add 1 clove minced garlic; cook golden. Add cauliflowerets (1 head cauliflower first cooked *al dente* in salted water). Sprinkle well with salt, black pepper. Cook flowerets until tender (about 20 mins.), mashing with fork to make pea-sized pieces. Serve on ziti. Top with Parmesan.

BROCCOLI CON PASTA (broccoli with pasta): Heat ⅔ cup olive oil in large skillet. Add 1 large clove minced garlic; cook golden. Add 1 cup hot water, top half 1 bunch broccoli, cut into bite-sized pieces. Simmer, uncovered, until tender (about 20-30 mins.), adding water if necessary. Serve on perciatelli.

PESTO ALLA GENOVESE (green herb sauce, Genovese style): Put in blender (or mash together with mortar and pestle) 3 small cloves garlic, ½ cup fresh basil leaves, ¼ cup cut parsley, ⅓ cup olive oil, 1 tbsp. melted butter, salt, pepper. Blend or mash smooth. Blend or mash in 2 walnut halves, 5 mint leaves. Serve on spaghetti. May top with Parmesan.

PRODUCED BY MARILYN KAYTOR PHOTOGRAPHED BY BEN SOMOROFF



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During his years of distinguished public service, Adlai Stevenson wrote 15 articles for LOOK. The following was written at the special request of the Editors of LOOK. The Governor finished editing it while in Europe, just before his untimely death.

ADLAI STEVENSON'S LAST ARTICLE

Outline for a New American Policy

Adlai Ewing Stevenson, February 5, 1900-July 14 1965

TWENTY YEARS have passed since we made the last peace—exactly the same span of time from Versailles to Hitler's war. This is the sobering fact that today overshadows our troubled world. In 1939, not all our good intentions, not all our last-minute efforts and improvisations could stave off catastrophe. Can we be sure that we may not be failing once again? This question dwarfs all others, for in the nuclear age, we have peace—or we have nothing.

Yet in the Dominican Republic, in Vietnam, in Cuba and in a dozen other parts of the world, we find ourselves confronted by problems that seem almost beyond solution. Discouraged, many Americans are urging that we pull back to the old, safe, manageable limits of American sovereignty and let the rest of the world look after itself.

This is precisely the error we committed in 1919. Then, when similarly confronted, we retreated to the policies of the last century—high moral tone and noninvolvement. President Wilson attempted through the League of Nations to bring our idealism down to earth in the first sketch of a functioning world society based on law, on self-determination, on the organized institutions of peace. But this dive into reality was too much for us. We took refuge in an old isolation and continued to mistake exhortation for power.

In 1941, the whirlwinds of fascism offered us no alternatives. They swept us into the mainstream of history, and with the incalculable destruction of World War II, the world was virtually stripped of all power save our own. Only our power, our policy, our strategy seemed effective.

Then, in 1945, could we have repeated our error of 1919? Perhaps. But, in fact, we were presented with the opposite temptation. What a heyday of conquest we could have had—alone with the atom bomb, alone with

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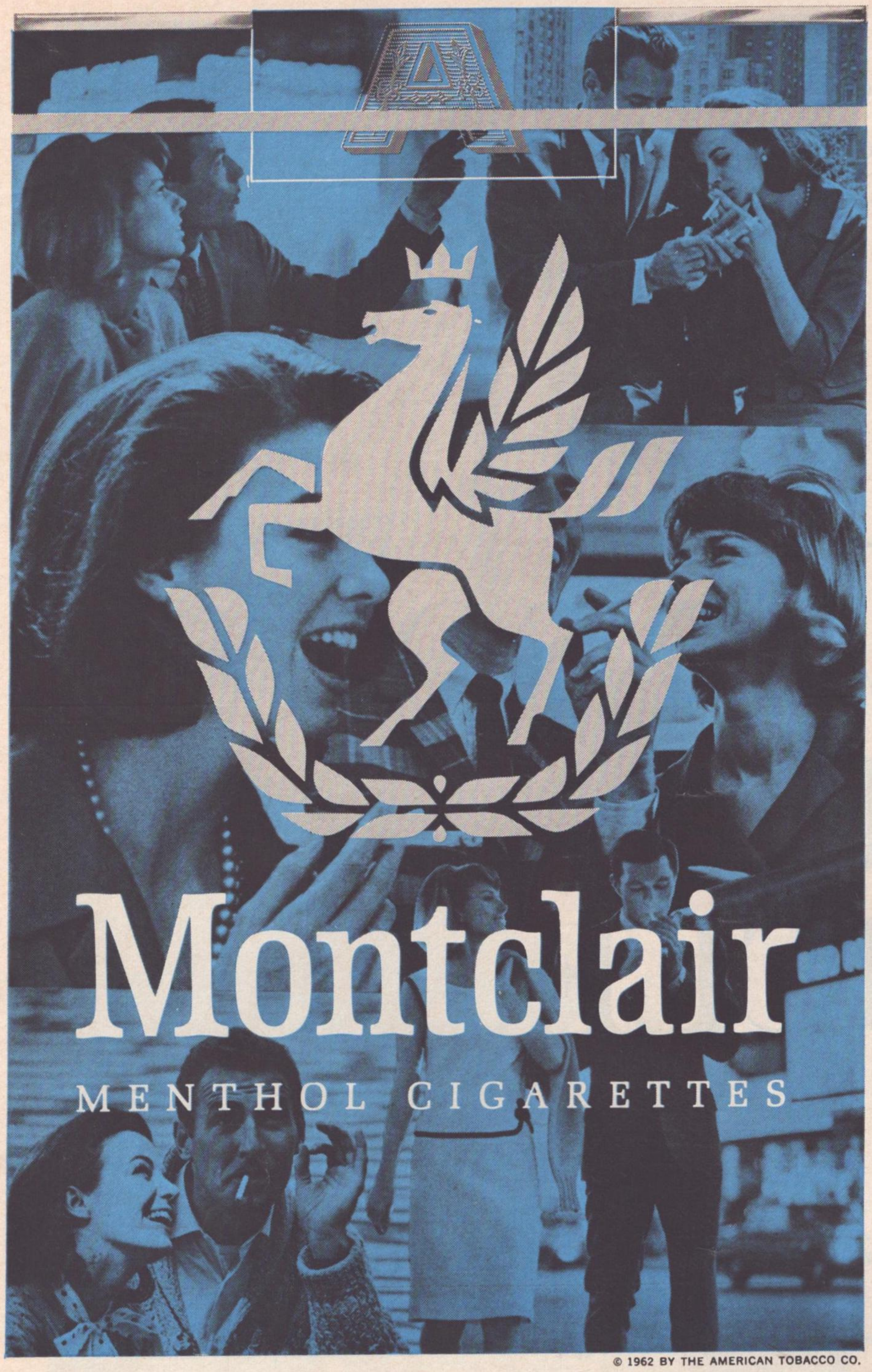

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On LOOK *fact-finding tour, 1953, Stevenson visits Red River Delta in Indochina with former* LOOK *editor William Attwood, now ambassador to Kenya.*

We must ask ourselves if our past policies will work today

a healthy economy in a shattered world, alone with our energy unleashed and unbroken by the ordeal of war.

But we are not conquerors. We are perhaps the most unwilling great power in history. And certainly no great power plunged so suddenly from the temptations of lofty noninvolvement to the opposite temptations of almost total power.

Yet we did not lose our idealism.

We helped set up the United Nations on the basis of equality and self-determination, and have helped mightily to make it work ever since. We pressed for decolonization. We offered to internationalize atomic energy. We rallied the free world in Greece and Turkey. We initiated the North Atlantic Treaty alliance. We defended Berlin, and we used American resources boldly under the Marshall Plan.

These were stunning achievements. America, emerging as world leader for the first time, put on a performance that the wisest veteran could hardly have matched.

And while it was far from a selfish exercise of our power that made it all possible, it was, nonetheless, power. The United States was dominant. The Western alliance was guided by us. The United Nations majorities voted with us. The economic assistance was all from us. The Communists were largely contained by us.

It is a great record of magnanimous and responsible leadership. But I suspect we became used to the idea that although all nations are equal, we were somehow a little more equal than anyone else. And, of course, for any nation, this sense of leadership is very heady stuff! I have myself said of flattery that "it is fine, provided you don't inhale." The same is true of leadership. It's fine—but we did inhale, a little.

What we have to ask ourselves today is not whether our policies have been good in the past. In large measure, they have—but that is no longer the question. In this mutable world of breakneck change, we have constantly to reexamine our assessments and strategies. Past success is not a

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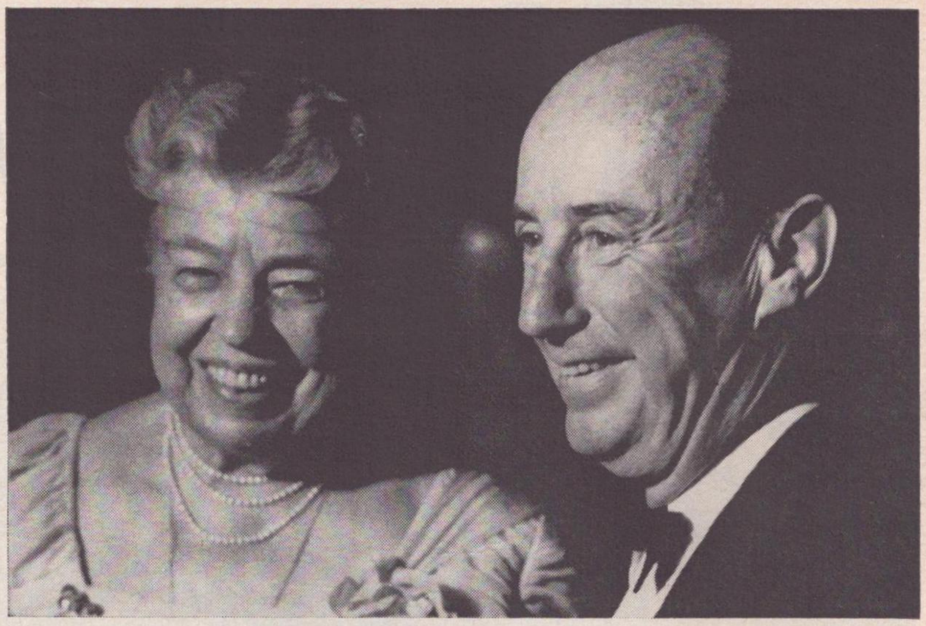

"First Lady of the world," Eleanor Roosevelt greets her cherished friend on her birthday, 1960.

We killed isolation at Los Alamos, for ourselves and everyone else

good guide if it confuses us about present problems and possibilities.

Today, however, we face entirely new conditions. Exclusive power is a thing of the past. Western Europe has recovered its economic strength and military potential. Russia commands a vast war machine with a full nuclear arsenal. China adds incipient nuclear power to massive armies. And both exploit the new techniques of covert aggression, the so-called "wars of national liberation," which have little to do with nation or liberation and can be stretched to cover any use of outside interference, to remove any government, whatever its policies, that is anti-Communist or even non-Communist.

Our idealism is frustrated too. The "third world" of post-colonial states seems to have much less stability and staying power than we expected. Just as Western colonialism ends, some of them seem ready to fight it all over again under the guise of "neocolonialism." Meanwhile, the new tactics of subversion, infiltration, deception and confusion seem to be little understood, to say the least. Even in Europe, the partnership we looked for from a unified continent has been challenged and circumscribed by reassertions of national power.

So we face a new situation—less manageable and less appealing. What do we do about it? There are those who would bid us "accept the inevitable." If Europe is strong enough to defend itself, let it do so. If China is recovering its ancient influence in Asia, so what! We can't stop it. If weak, developing nations want to try communism, let them learn the hard way. We've done the best we could with aid and advice.

In these arguments, we can detect some of the old isolationist overtones and assumptions. But in a world less closely knit than this, isolation did not save us from two global wars. It launched us on a worldwide depression. It saw the Far East all but devoured by a single military clique.

Would we now keep the peace by leaving the levers of power largely in the hands of vast imperial systems whose ideological aim is to dominate the world? And at what point should we cry "halt"—and probably confront a nuclear holocaust?

Our isolationism was always too naïve about power and about the pretensions of power. We must not make that mistake again.

Happily, most of us recognize that a real withdrawal from the affairs of the world is impossible. We killed isolationism at Los Alamos, for ourselves, and for everyone else. Our planetary society is now one, even if only in the unity of potential destruction. We cannot get off and float outside this particular spaceship. We and the human race are going to survive—or not—together.

But if we can't withdraw, we equally must not make the opposite mis-

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In our new twilight of power, there is no quick path to a light switch

take. We have among us advocates of much stronger action. For them, it is the idealism of America that is at fault. Get the allies back into line. Confront Russia with Berlin and East Germany. Bomb China's nuclear capacity before it increases. Teach everyone they can't push us around.

This won't work either. What power have we to coerce our friends in Europe? What assurance have we that direct action against either Communist giant will not unleash the nuclear war from which we would suffer as much as they?

In brief, if total isolationism is no answer, the extreme opposite is no answer either. In fact, the clear, quick, definable, measurable answers are all ruled out. In this new twilight of power, there is no quick path to a convenient light switch.

What, then, can we do? What are the options? I want to suggest that the extremes are not exhaustive. In between, less exciting, perhaps, are other routes and methods that recognize the limits of power, but allow for our traditional idealism. But they are all paths that demand a high degree of genuine partnership, of genuine cooperation, of readiness—in the President's words—"to reason together."

How do we apply this sense of partnership and cooperation to the dilemmas of our time?

In Europe, we must be ready to help defend against any renewed Soviet pressure westward. Equally, we have to remove the grievance of a divided Germany, which obstructs genuine peace in Central Europe. But our best hope of reunifying Germany peacefully is with Russian goodwill. I do not believe a divided, splintered, nationalist Europe, cut off from America, can accomplish this complicated balance. Either its divisions will enfeeble it militarily, or resurgence of German nationalism will postpone possible reconciliation with the East.

Our best policy is, I think, to keep our defense commitment to Europe unequivocal and to explore all reasonable ways of transferring greater responsibility to our allies—by joint planning, by joint purchasing, by joint burden sharing, by our readiness to consider any pattern of cooperation the Europeans care to suggest.

But, at the same time, let us seek all possible ways, together with our European allies, to increase peaceful and profitable contacts with Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union. There were small signs not long ago of a modest thaw in the dead winter of the old cold war. We should be ready for all such signs—in trade, in scientific research, in cultural exchanges, in tourism, in anything, in short, that opens the two systems to each other and substitutes knowledge and reality for myths and fears. Only recently, President Johnson said directly to the Soviet people, "There is no American interest in conflict with the Soviet people anywhere."

Had I written these words even a year ago, I would have been more optimistic about these possibilities. Today, the drama in Southeast Asia and the dilemmas faced by Russia in its relations with its stubborn, dogmatic Chinese associates have clouded our hopes of yesterday. But the aim is not at fault—to prove that we at least want to end this tragic breach in human society, want to overcome the barriers that unnaturally divide an ancient continent and culture, want to explore with our fellow citizens of a threatened world the dilemmas and the possibilities of a stable peace.

And because this is our aim, we seek to defend the right of people, be it in Korea or South Vietnam, not to have their future decided by violence. I do not believe this right can be secured by retreat. Retreat leads to retreat, just as aggression leads to aggression in this still primitive international community. Already, an active apparatus of subversion has begun its work in Thailand. And it is only a few years since Malaya beat down a long and murderous attempt to impose communism by force. The Tibetans were not so fortunate. And the Indians have found the neighborhood of 800 million Chinese hardly a guarantee of peace and security.

So the aim of reinforcing the right of peoples, large and small, to determine their own destiny does not seem one that we dare allow to go by

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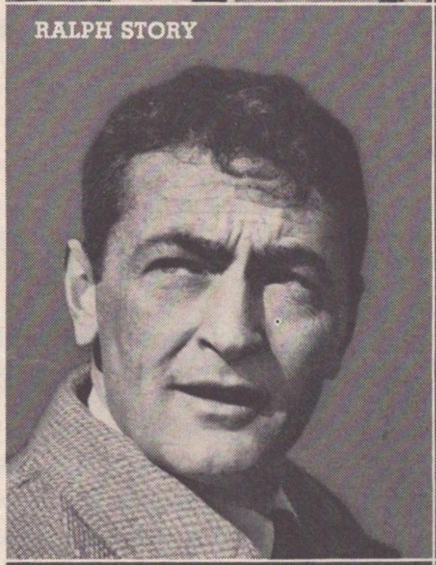
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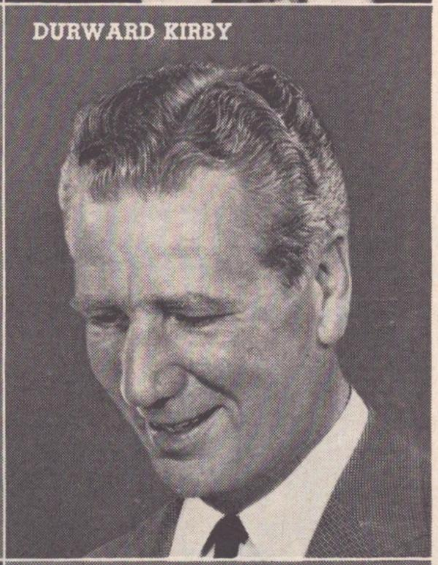
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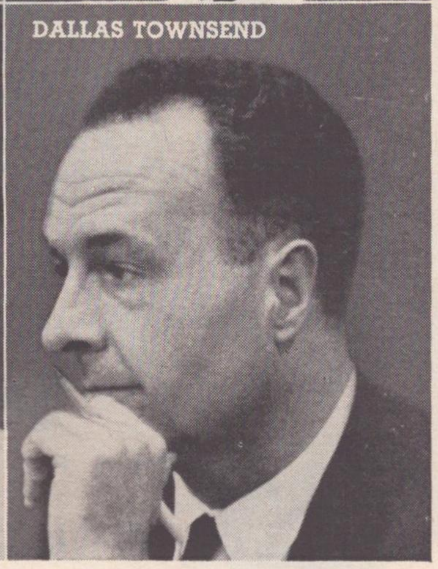
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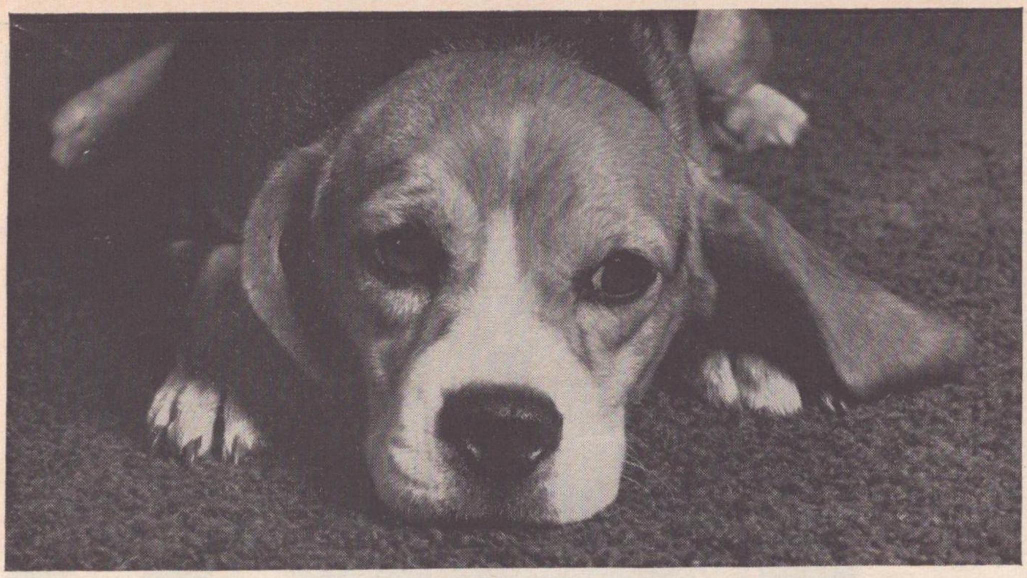

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The U. S. does not want to rely on muscle instead of diplomacy

default. The old, old principle that powerful neighbors, for reasons of power alone, must prevail, never gave the world peace in the past. I question whether it will do so in the nuclear age.

But if you ask me whether the task of defending and upholding this right should be the responsibility of any one power, then I say emphatically, "No."

Let us be quite clear about this. The United States has no desire to dominate. We have no delusions of omnipotence or omniscience. We do not cheat ourselves with the purple rhetoric of "manifest destiny." We do not see ourselves as self-appointed gendarmes of this very troubled world. And we do not want to rely on muscle instead of diplomacy.

But although we are not even a direct party to most of the world's disputes, we have had to take a disproportionate share of the burden, because the international community is not yet prepared or ready to do so, or to do so fast and far enough in a given crisis.

So it is that in South Vietnam, the task of upholding the principle of self-determination and popular sovereignty is ours, in part by the chances of history, but in part by default.

That the Communists have rejected every overture from every quarter for negotiations without preconditions does not alter our aim—to stop the fighting, to create the international machinery to safeguard the people's right to peaceful choice, and to underpin the whole post-colonial settlement. Only the right of self-determination brought it into being. Only that right, properly reinforced, can defend it now.

It is a defense that must, perhaps, pay more attention to the devious than to the overt. The world suffered too recently and directly from Hitler's aggressions to accept, any longer, armies crossing the frontiers in the full panoply of war. Two such open aggressions across frontiers—in Korea and at Suez—were checked by the near unanimous opposition and action of the world community.

What we face today, as I have suggested, is the devious problem of subversion by what the Communists call "wars of national liberation."

This is a far more delicate business. Since Cuba, we know how irrevocable such a takeover can be and how little it is thereafter subject to

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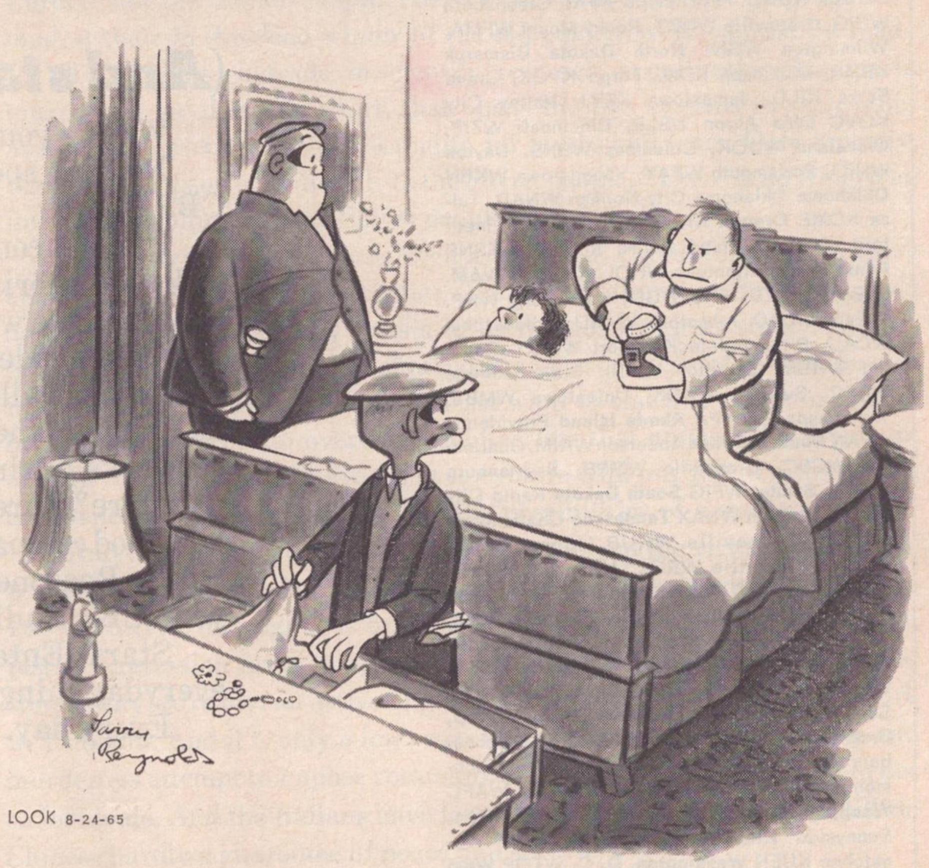

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We shall not keep peace in a world mined by misery and despair

popular control. Yet we know, too, how easy it is to mistake genuine local revolt for Communist subversion.

For this opaque, uncertain type of crisis, we need new international machinery to ensure that if local disorder leads to civil war, the frontiers can be sealed against external intervention, and order can be restored and free elections held. We have been trying to move in that direction in the Dominican crisis. It could be the basis of a negotiated settlement in Vietnam. Such a policy was effective to a large extent in the Congo, and it is keeping order in Cyprus.

I do not underestimate the difficulties of setting up such a policing system. But I believe it is the direction in which we must try to move in the next decade. It could give greater security to the small powers living in the interstices between the great systems. It could restore order in the disorderly regions where power is disputed. It could point the way to the impartial police that one day must take the place of individual arms and the precarious "balance of terror." We must start where we can: And today, of all avenues to security and disarmament, I would place the United Nations' experiments in international peacekeeping at the very head.

So I am suggesting that our role is not absolute responsibility. Rather, it is to seek patiently, yes, and modestly, to persuade our fellow nations to help take on the indispensable tasks of peace and law.

But we shall not keep peace in a world mined by misery, hunger and despair. Here, too, let us try to keep meaning in the clichés—the rich nations, the poor nations, the developed north, the underdeveloped south, the industrialized states, the emergent states. How many words we have used up to describe and finally obscure the grim gap between wealth and poverty in our contemporary world.

These are roots of disorders exploited by external subversion. To suppose that our world can continue half-affluent and half-desperate is to assume a patience on the part of the needy for which—to put it mildly—history gives us no warrant at all.

But, like peacekeeping, this vast, global task is not for one nation. The developed states together must redress the imbalance. While America can give and has given a generous lead, we have to accept once again the patient, modest, unsensational tasks of consulting within the framework of international organization, in which donors and recipients can work out their problems together.

No doubt this is more difficult than the role of direct benefaction. But our readiness to act not as benefactor but as partner could lead to increasing respect, closer understanding, the sense of community and perhaps, at last, enough confidence to dissipate the myths of "neo-colonialism."

What we must attempt today, therefore, is to extend to the whole society of man the techniques, the methods, the habits—if you will, the courtesies—upon which our own sense of citizenship is based. In our free society, we ask that all citizens participate as equals. We accept their views and interests as significant. We struggle for unforced consensus. We tolerate conflict and accept dissent. But we believe that because each citizen knows he is valued and has his chance for comment and influence, his final loyalty to the social order will be more deeply rooted and secure.

As heirs to the tradition of free government, what else can we do? Our founders had the audacity to proclaim their ideals "self-evident" for all mankind. We can hardly be less bold when "all mankind" is no longer an abstraction, but a political fact in the United Nations, a physical fact for the circling astronaut.

In our new, more fluid world, America, therefore, must use its wisdom for the concerting of common policies, its skill for the immediate negotiation of workable compromises, its patience and fortitude for the times when compromise and workable policies fail to emerge, and its ultimate vision and faith for a world society in which men and nations can be free.

END

These words on the back of your snapshots

A KODAK PAPER

spell "quality"

When you see the name Kodak on the back of your snapshots or enlargements, you know that your photofinisher is giving you the best there is. You can depend on the name Kodak.

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Rochester, N.Y.

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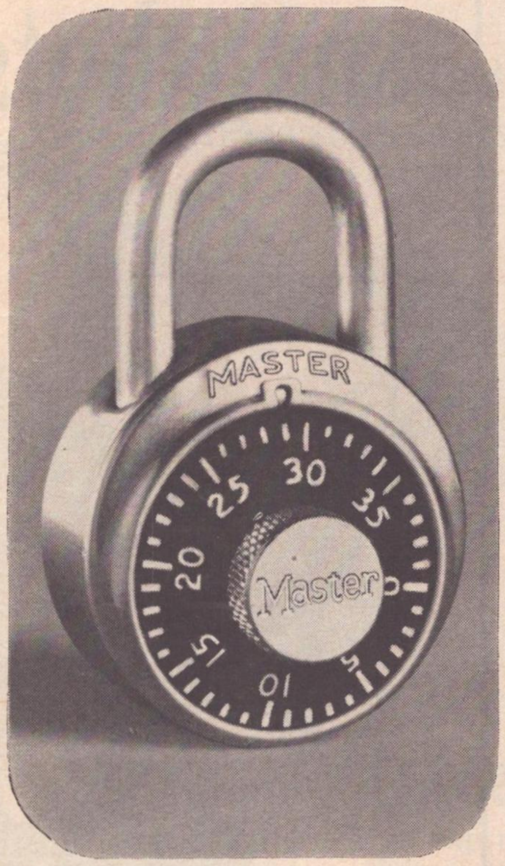

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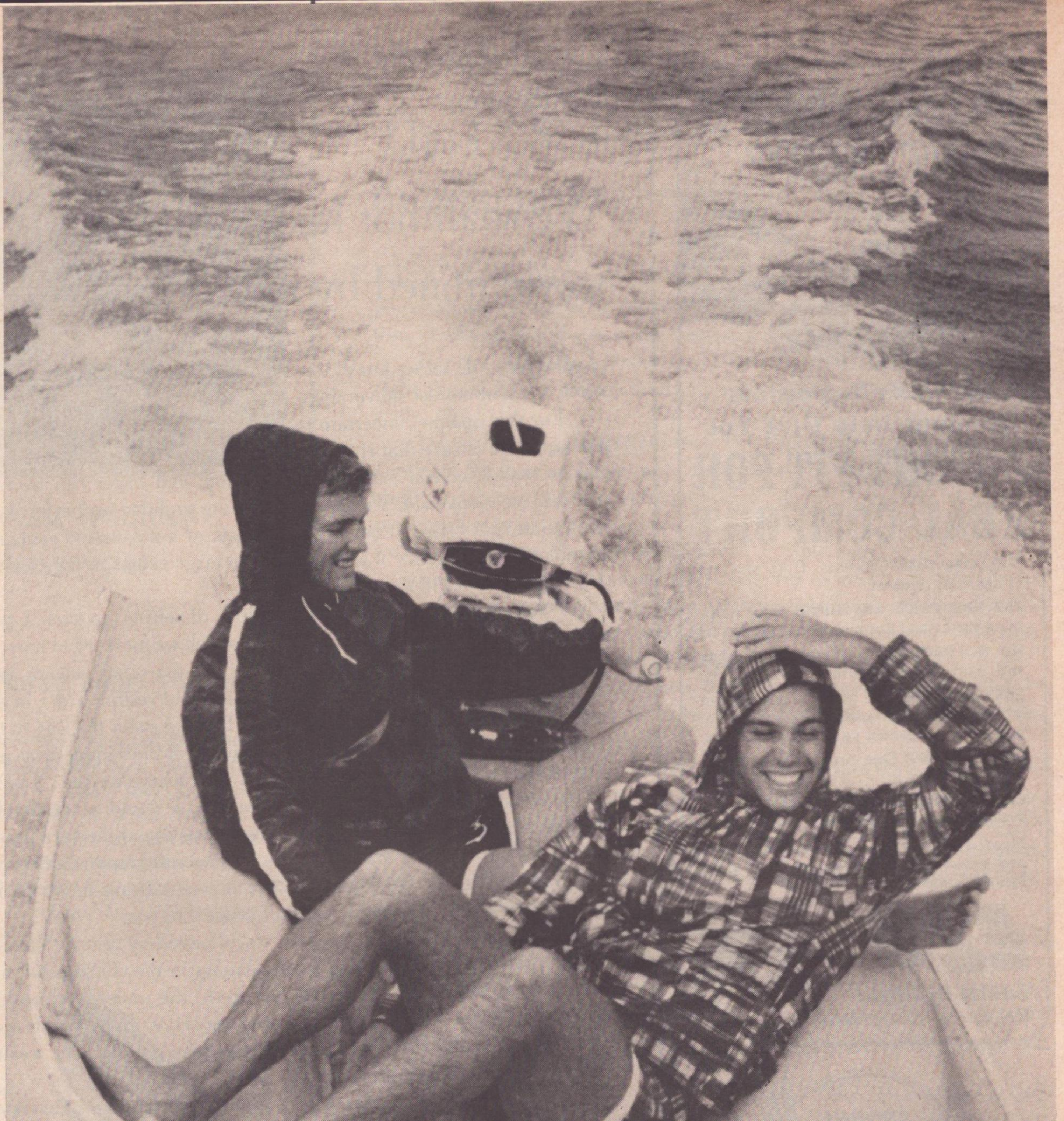
WORLD'S STRONGEST PADLOCKS



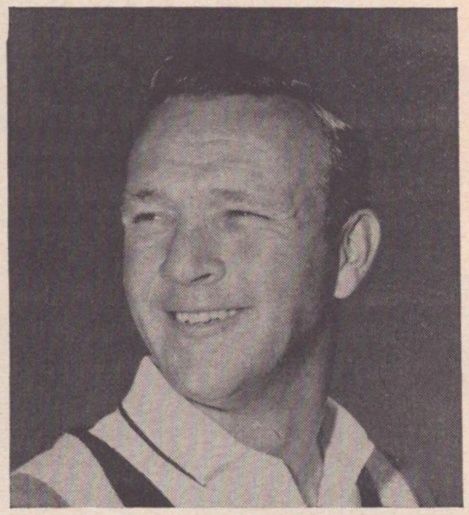
THE ALL-WET SET

"How DRY I AM, and how wet I look" is the repeat refrain through today's boat- and swimwear. A special coating applied to fabrics makes them wind-and-water shedders, also intensifies the color. Coated fabrics, as shown above, won't crack, melt or harden, remain light and pliable. Here, with the Florida salt spray flying, Gary Warren (left) and Tom Kendall whip up a frothy wake in a "Flying Flivver." Gary is seal-slick in black-nylon surfer trunks, with contrast-white trim, and matching parka. Tom's spray protection: cotton-Madras trunks and parka. Both outfits (Jantzen) have the glossy wet look that passes the dry test with flying colors.

PRODUCED BY IRIS BAUER PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAMES HANSEN

The long awaited book by the King of Golf

ARNOLD PALMER has at last set down all he knows and feels about the game he dominates. The result is the most important, inspiring, and instructive golf book of the decade



A GOLF CLASSIC IS BORN — the book that Arnie's army has been yelling for, the eagerly anticipated golf testament of Arnold Palmer, MY GAME AND YOURS. In it: an extraordinary distillation of the golf wisdom, savvy and technique that, in an age of many champions, have put the name of Arnold Palmer above all the rest.

"This is my reason for writing this book . . ."

"It is time now," says Palmer, "and this is my reason for writing this book, to get back to first principles. . . .

"The golf ball is not the natural enemy of mankind . . . it will gladly take wings if you give it half a chance."

Palmer's book is all you have wished for. It is unlike any other writing on the game. It cuts through the gimmickry that has increasingly encrusted golf instruction. It directly attacks the mental attitudes that hobble most golfers. It invites you to "forget the fancy theory, shake off your inferiority complex" and *start out afresh, with Arnie, to assimilate the incredibly simple basics that he considers all important.*

If you're shooting over 90

"With the right *grip* (there is only *one* right grip), you can make all kinds of other mistakes yet get away with them," Palmer says. He shows you how a slight change in your grip can take the hook or slice right out of your game.

If you can't break 90, let alone 80, one little movement you may be making could account for those extra strokes. Palmer tells you what it is, and what to do about it. If everyone knew this, as he says, "There wouldn't be any golfers around still trying to break 100. In fact, there wouldn't be any 90 shooters. Everybody would be shooting in the 70's or low 80's. This would be a really happy country."

Your swing? Arnie gives you two simple rules. He tells you one small mistake that can turn an otherwise perfect swing into a disastrous shot . . . and how you can be one of the very few golfers who know how to avoid it.

He has some cogent advice about distance, too. "This whole matter of length," he writes, "is a lot less important than everybody seems to think." He shows you techniques that can increase your control of your club, and still give you the distance you need. "If you've been in the 90's or over," he says, "I'll make you a little bet that you shoot five or ten strokes better than your average."

And this is only the beginning of what Arnold Palmer's book can do for you. Reading it is almost like having him right at your elbow as he tells you and shows you with drawings and color photographs:

- **How to cut three strokes off your game in fifteen minutes**
- **How to get an edge on 98% of golfers the minute you pick up your club**
- **How to avoid the mistake 9 out of 10 golfers make on the backswing**
- **How to practice for fun and profit— and the secret of accurate driving**
- **How to swing harder while trying less**
- **Four fatal mistakes to avoid while practicing**
- **A strange experiment that may make you shoot your best round of the year**
- **The "greatest stroke-saver" ever invented — and much, much more!**

"The fundamentals are reasonably simple," he continues, "but over and above these fundamentals, there is an *art to golf* — an art you need to know to enjoy it to the fullest, and to realize your own full potential.

Arnie's "Above-the-Shoulders" Game

"You have to develop a mental approach that will always insure you that you will never beat yourself . . . Once you've acquired this mental attitude, miracles can happen. They are bound to happen."

It's Arnie's own special grasp of this *art of golf* — his understanding of the "above-the-shoulders" game, and his ability to pass this knowledge on to you — that make MY GAME AND YOURS so valuable to you as a golfer!

The Shots That Can Make or Break You

He shows you how your clubs can fool you sometimes . . . why the five iron won't do on Sunday what it did on Saturday. He gives you a full chapter on the neglected art of choosing the right club — a part of your game that can mean victory or defeat. He shows you how to judge distance better . . . and how to avoid coming up short on the approaches, which has licked more golfers than you can shake a club at.

He tells you six treacherous holes to watch out for, and how to keep them from ruining your round. He tells you how to prepare yourself before you tee off . . . how to shake tension, build confidence, get the momentum you need to get on top and stay there. He shows you how to finish strong and steady even if you begin getting bushed around the 16th or 17th.

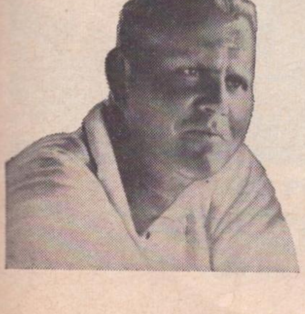
He tells you how you can *talk* yourself into being a good putter regardless of the technique you use . . . and passes along one secret that can start you sinking them from all over the place.

Try Arnold Palmer's Book on This 30-Day Trial Offer

MY GAME AND YOURS — not just a book, but a credo of golf — takes you from the moment you walk out on the first tee to that last putt on the 18th . . . a *way* of golf that brings out your full potential and starts you playing the kind of game you've always wanted to play.

But no amount of talk here will take a single stroke off your score. Only the book itself can help you do that. And we invite you to *prove* it — to your own satisfaction — *at our risk*. We'll send you MY GAME AND YOURS for 30 days' examination. If you don't agree that you are the golfer for whom Arnie Palmer has written it, return the book and owe nothing. Otherwise, keep his MY GAME AND YOURS for only $4.95 (plus a small shipping charge). Check the book or books you wish in coupon and mail now to:

LOOK BOOK DIVISION, Dept. 517,
111 — 10th Street, Des Moines, Iowa 50304



Have You Read
Jack Nicklaus' MY 55 WAYS TO LOWER YOUR GOLF SCORE?

LET JACK NICKLAUS, 1964's leading money-winner, show you how to make all the shots from tee to green. Pictures, some in four colors, and pin-pointed arrows show firm grip, smooth stroke, tactics, strategy — and much more — so clearly that word explanations are short and to the point. Fifty-five shots, strategies, situations in this book — yours to examine on same 30-day trial as Arnold Palmer's book.

30-DAY EXAMINATION COUPON

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Please send me the book(s) checked below, to read and use for 30 days without cost. I will then remit the correct amount as payment in full, or return the book(s) and owe nothing.

- ☐ **ARNOLD PALMER's "My Game and Yours"** — $4.95, plus postage and handling.
- ☐ **JACK NICKLAUS's "My 55 Ways to Lower Your Golf Score"** — $4.50, plus postage and handling.
- ☐ **BOTH BOOKS** — $9.45 — NO charge for postage and handling. YOU SAVE.

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"FLAMELESS ELECTRIC HEATING is the heart of our Gold Medallion Home," report James and Dora Jane Morris as daughters Jane and Kay welcome three friends for a Friday night slumber party.

"True comfort, cleanliness and convenience are the three big extras we get in our new total electric home"

Throughout America, families like the James Morrises of Glade Hill, Virginia, report their enthusiasm for life in a modern Gold Medallion Home. Here flameless electricity does everything, including heating, cooking, providing the hot water and drying the clothes.

"There are so many wonderful things about a modern total electric home," Dora Jane Morris tells you, "that I honestly wouldn't know how to begin to count them. But they all add up to three important benefits—comfort, cleanliness and convenience.

"Take flameless electric home heating, for example. We can set the temperature for each room just the way we want it, and we never have to worry about drafts. I spend a lot less time on routine housecleaning, too, and we can go for ages without having to paint or redecorate.

"Of course, I'm especially pleased with having so many different electric appliances to work with—and what both my husband and I really like is that our monthly bills are remarkably economical."

From coast to coast, more and more families like the Morrises are enjoying the special benefits of living in a modern total electric home. If you're planning to build, buy or modernize, think about the advantages of a Gold Medallion Home for your own family. Your local electric utility company will help you get the information you need to start on your way to the joy of total electric living.

DAY BY DAY, THIS GOLD MEDALLION appears on more and more homes throughout America. It identifies a total electric home fully equipped with flameless electric heating and appliances, Full Housepower Wiring and Light for Living. Gold Medallion Homes will be as modern tomorrow as they are today.

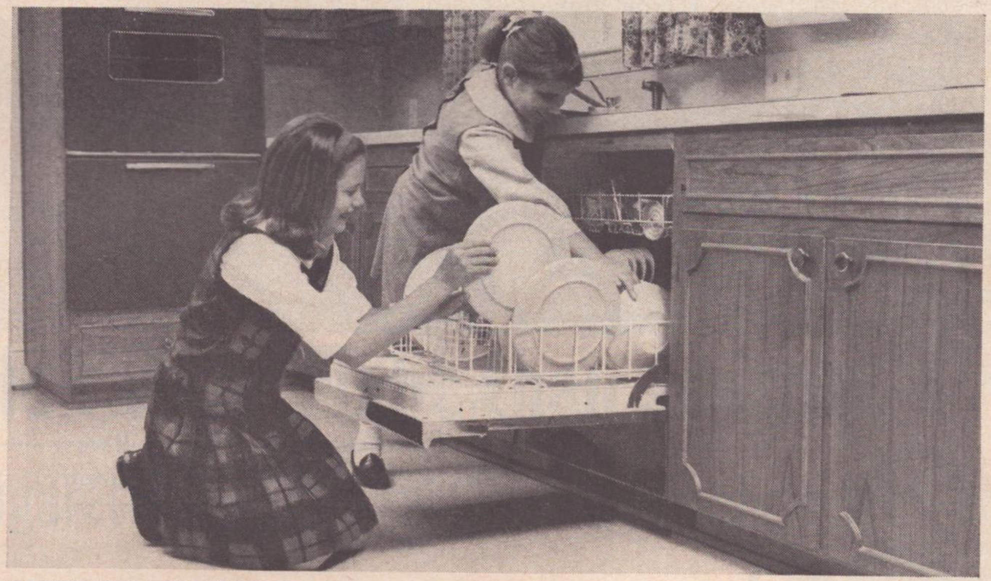
TOTAL ELECTRIC GOLD MEDALLION HOME LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY AWARD

YOU LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY · **Edison Electric Institute, 750 Third Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017**

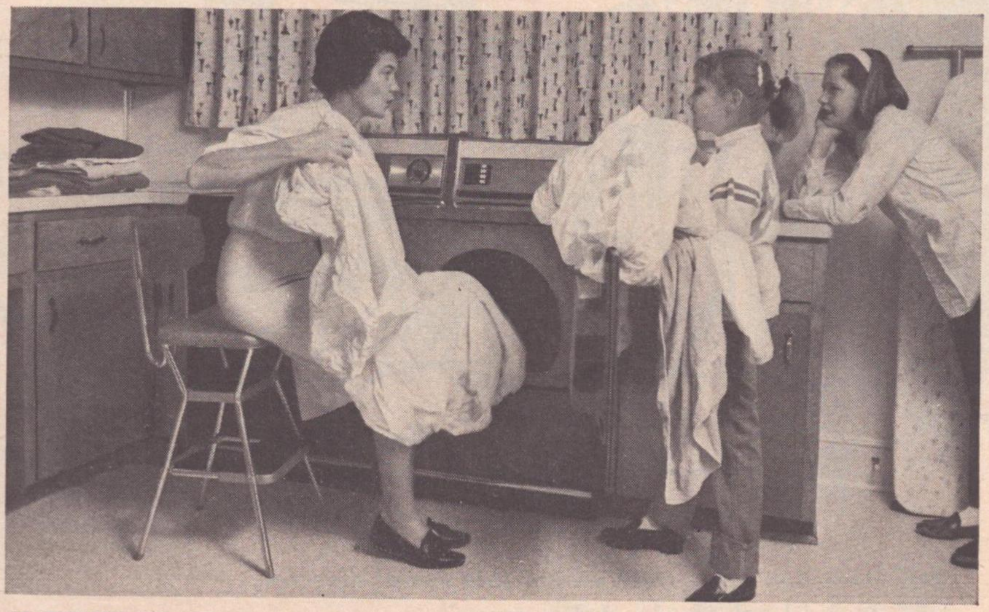
BETTER LIVING BEGINS WHEN YOU OWN A NEW GOLD MEDALLION HOME

"NOTHING'S EASIER than cooking on a flameless electric range," says James Morris as he fixes breakfast for his daughters and their guests. "Even I enjoy turning out a meal on occasion. And my wife says our electric range helps keep the kitchen clean and cool."

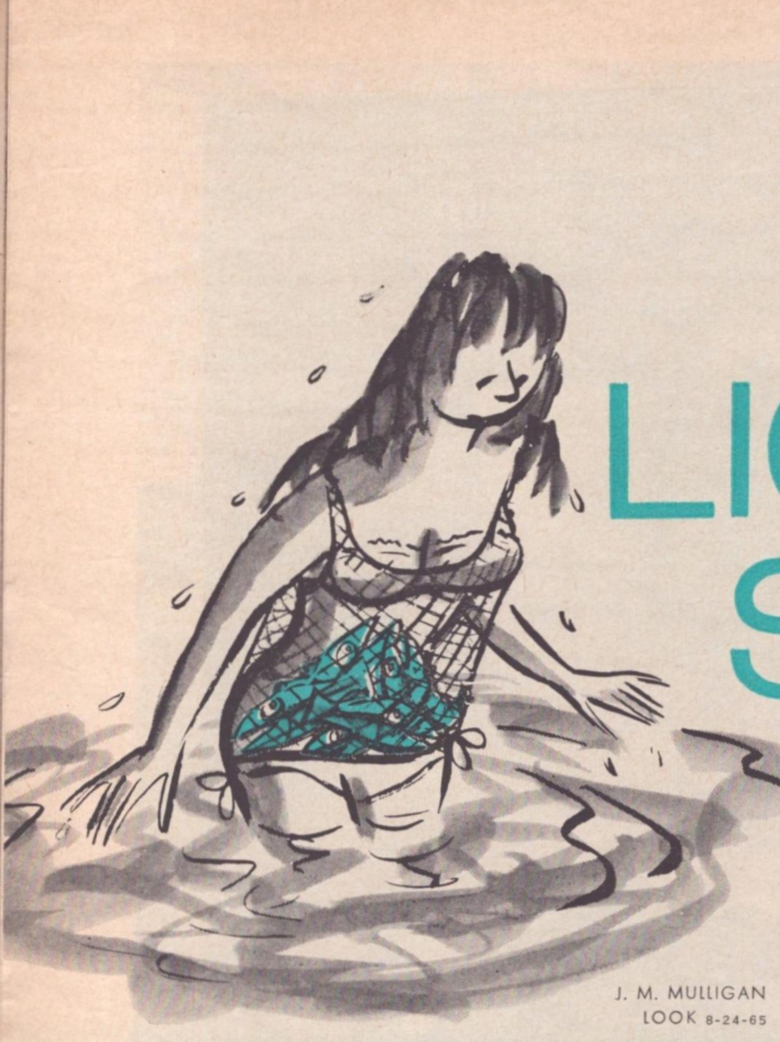
WITH FULL HOUSEPOWER WIRING, the Morrises can run all the electric appliances they want to at one time, and there are plenty of circuits and outlets for present or future uses. Here the Morris girls and their friends enjoy a late evening snack before bed.



MORE THAN ENOUGH HOT WATER for every need from cleaning up the dishes to showers for the whole family is supplied by the Morrises' flameless electric water heater. "It's the most efficient we've ever had," reports James Morris. "And because it requires no exhaust flue we were able to install it where it could serve kitchen, laundry and baths most efficiently."



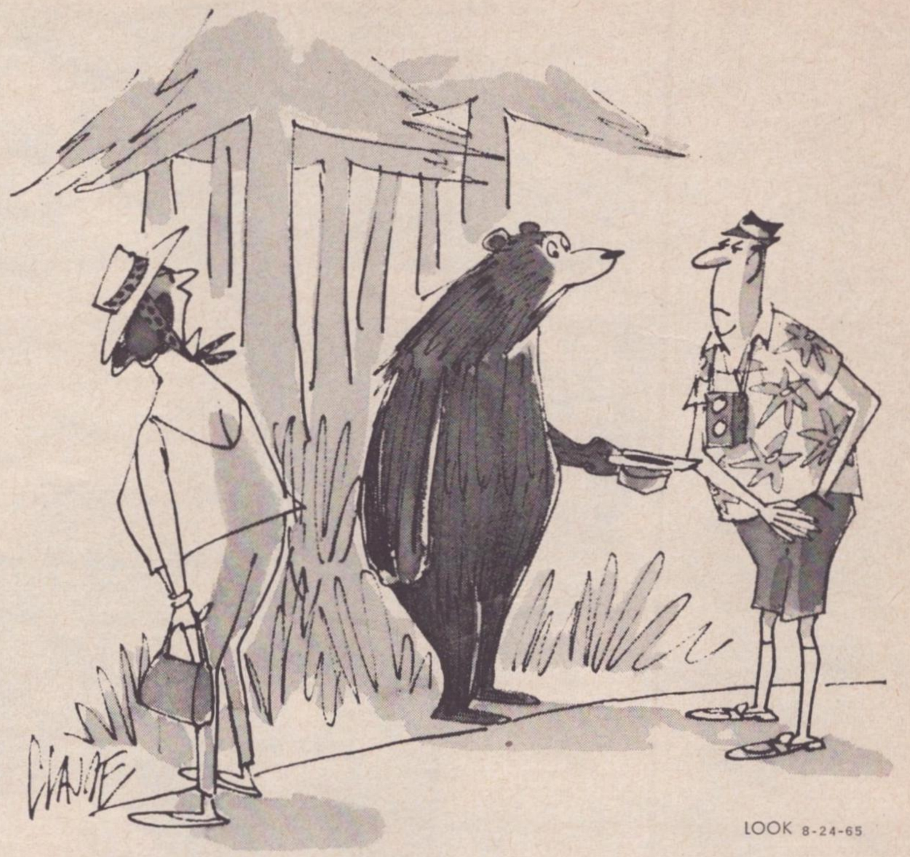
"I THINK I'D BE LOST completely without my flameless electric clothes dryer," says Dora Jane Morris as she helps Jane and Kay with the extra bed linen. "With a growing family like mine, it seems like I use my dryer constantly—and I don't have to worry about the weather."



J. M. MULLIGAN
LOOK 8-24-65

LOOK ON THE LIGHT SIDE

EDITED
BY
GURNEY WILLIAMS



LOOK 8-24-65

"Hold it, Harry! I see a zipper on its back!"

MAYBE IF YOU COAST BACKWARDS?

We are a nation of auto lovers. We know all about cars. If you don't believe it, stall on a city street.

Two fellows will get out of a truck and lift your hood. The first will say, "What do you think, Bill?"

"I don't know," the other will admit. "What do *you* think?"

Another fellow will advise you to try stepping on the starter.

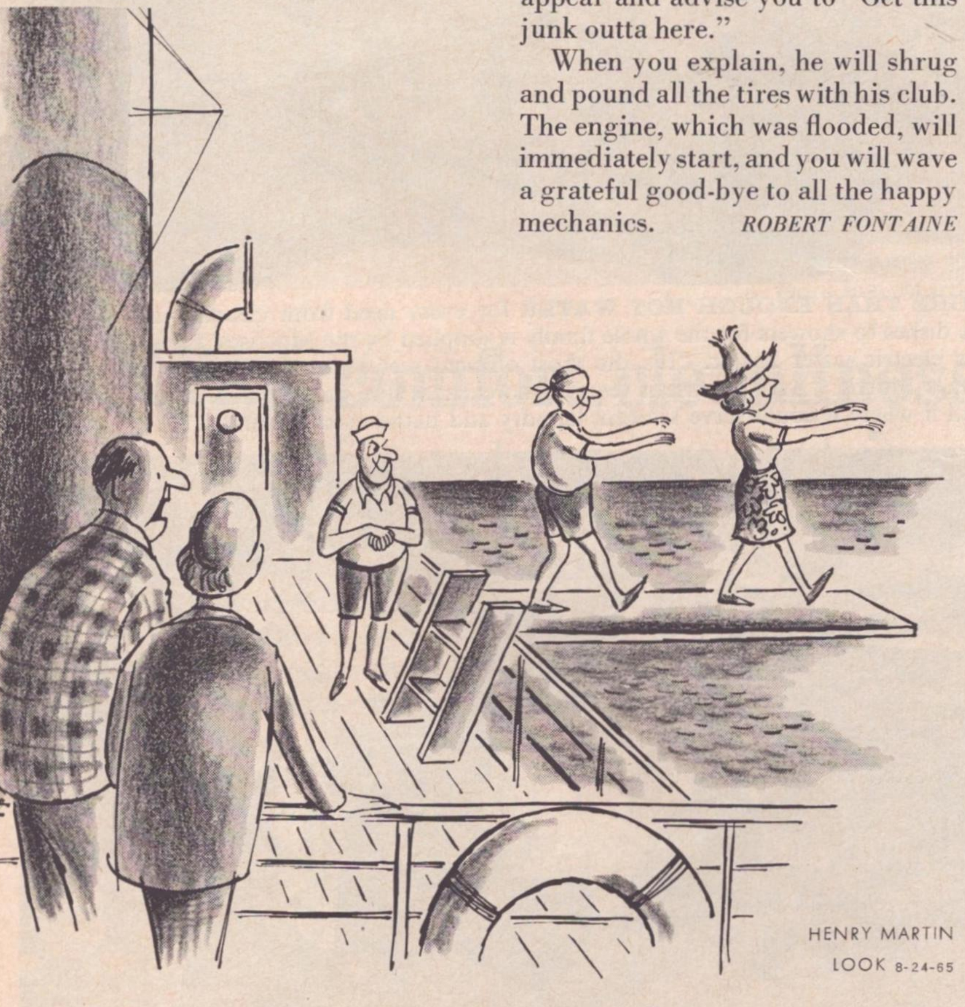
The next fellow will carefully examine the fenders and want to know if you have gas.

A short-order cook will come out of a lunchroom in his cap and apron to say, "You should call somebody."

Another truck will stop. The smiling driver will step down, wipe your windshield and lights and ask if you'd like a push that would surely bash in your rear window.

At this point, a policeman will appear and advise you to "Get this junk outta here."

When you explain, he will shrug and pound all the tires with his club. The engine, which was flooded, will immediately start, and you will wave a grateful good-bye to all the happy mechanics. *ROBERT FONTAINE*



HENRY MARTIN
LOOK 8-24-65

"I tell you I don't like the looks of that social director, and I don't like the looks of that game."

TRY, TRY AGAIN

When modern woman stoops to folly
And is deserted by a man,
She doesn't yield to melancholy,
But quickly formulates a plan.

Not one to mourn an errant lover,
Nor yet bewail a broken bond,
Says she, determined to recover,
"The time has come to be a
blonde."

MARGARET FISHBACK

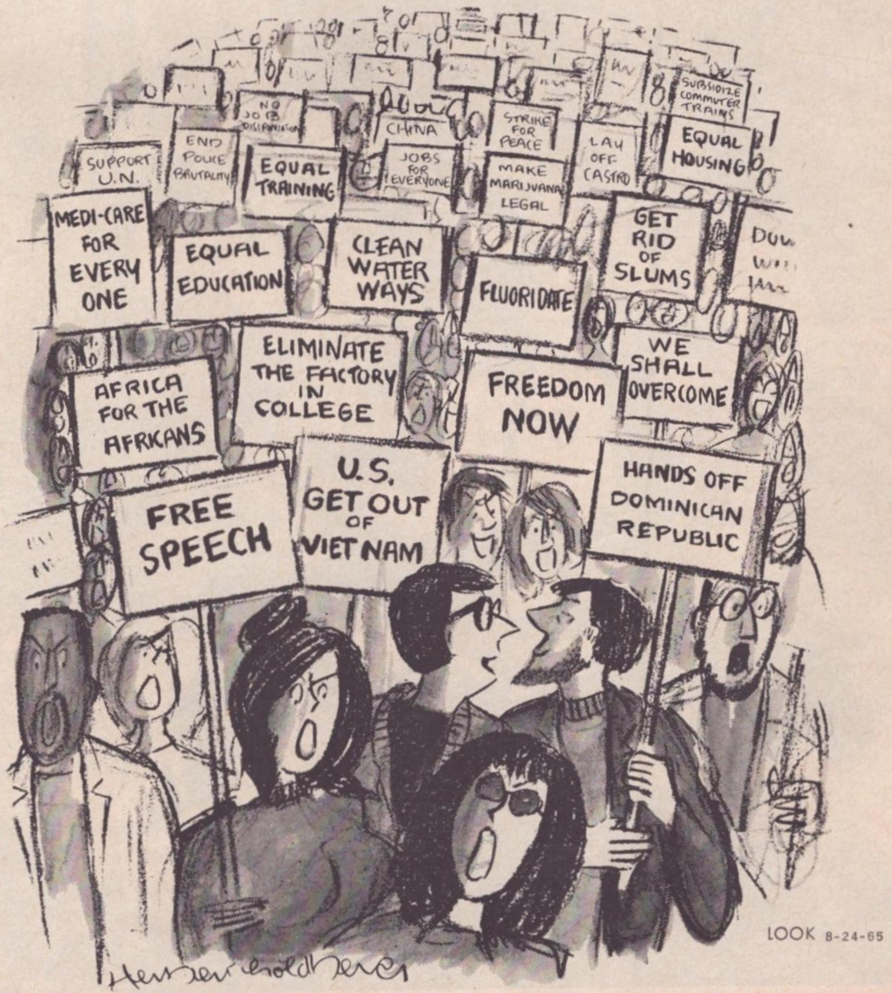
HOLLOW VICTORY

Though all the sweets are strictly
banned
And none my diet sully,
I note, when rising from the sand,
I leave a fair-sized gully.

I. W. SPONHEIM

FAMOUS LOST WORDS

SPORTS CAR—by lady with automatic transmission, roll-up windows and well-padded bucket seats.
Los Angeles *Coast Federal's Challenger*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NO JOB DISCRIMINATION
CHINA
STRIKE FOR PEACE
END POLICE BRUTALITY
SUPPORT U.N.
EQUAL TRAINING
JOBS FOR EVERYONE
MAKE MARIJUANA LEGAL
LAY OFF CASTRO
EQUAL HOUSING
MEDI-CARE FOR EVERY ONE
EQUAL EDUCATION
CLEAN WATER WAYS
FLUORIDATE
GET RID OF SLUMS
AFRICA FOR THE AFRICANS
ELIMINATE THE FACTORY IN COLLEGE
FREEDOM NOW
WE SHALL OVERCOME
FREE SPEECH
U.S. GET OUT OF VIETNAM
HANDS OFF DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

LOOK 8-24-65

"I guess we've covered about everything."

"Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!"

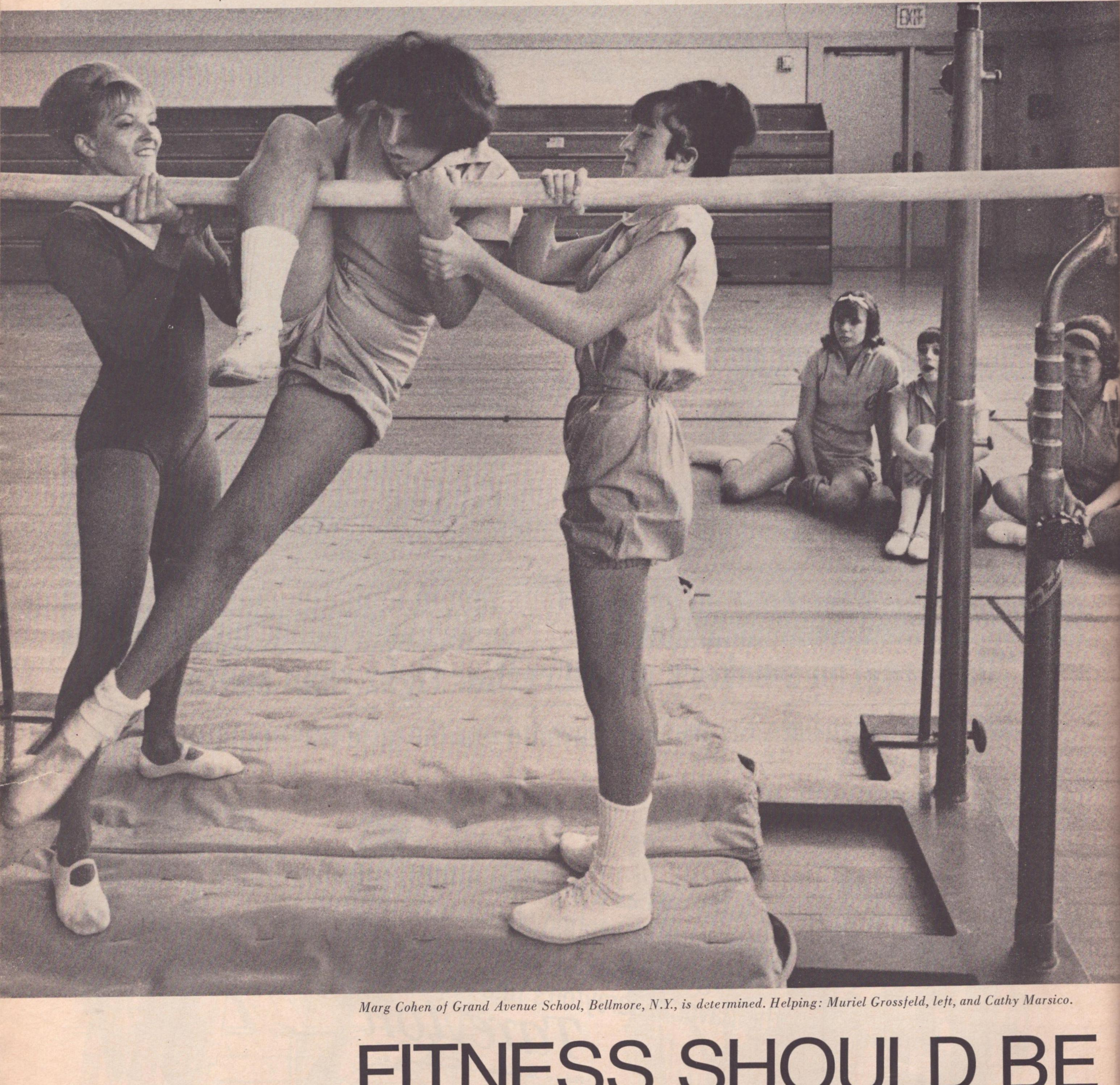
Join the Unswitchables. Get the filter cigarette with the taste worth fighting for!

Tareyton has a white outer tip
...and an inner section of charcoal.
Together they actually improve
the flavor of Tareyton's fine tobaccos.

Tareyton

Product of *The American Tobacco Company* © A. T. Co.

A
Tareyton
Tareyton
FILTER CIGARETTES
Tareyton



Marg Cohen of Grand Avenue School, Bellmore, N.Y., is determined. Helping: Muriel Grossfeld, left, and Cathy Marsico.

FITNESS SHOULD BE

She's up—and getting Muriel's advice for her next move on the uneven parallel bars.

A temporary setback. On her next try, she'll make it.'

FUN

THE BULGY HIGH-SCHOOL GIRL, shaking, mounted the narrow beam raised three feet off the floor and began to moan softly, "Oh, my Lord. I'll fall flat on my head. I'll fall flat on my big, fat head." A slender blonde in chalk-smudged red leotards moved a step closer. "No, you won't. Just duck your head." Moments later, the teen-ager completed a forward roll, landed proper end first, and gloated, now loudly, to the line of girls behind her, "Wasn't that the greatest thing you ever saw?" The blonde, three-time U.S. Olympic gymnast Muriel Davis Grossfeld, grinned and turned to the next novice, roughly the 85,000th she has worked with since January in a national physical-fitness program underwritten by a large soup company. Mrs. Grossfeld is persuasive. More than 750,000 girls in 50 states have already enlisted in her exercise and balanced-diet campaign.

This is how it looks when you practice.

continued

Roberta Wirth, 13, practices a dismount from the uneven bars. She is one of dozens of medal winners trained at Grand Avenue.

Grace and elegance score in women's gymnastics

Leaps form an essential part of gymnastic floor exercise. In women's competition, judges score grace and elegance of movement as well as correct form.

Alice Doty, 15, of Grand Avenue, learns that the balance beam looks fairly wide until you attempt a Swedish fall on it. Then the doubts set in.

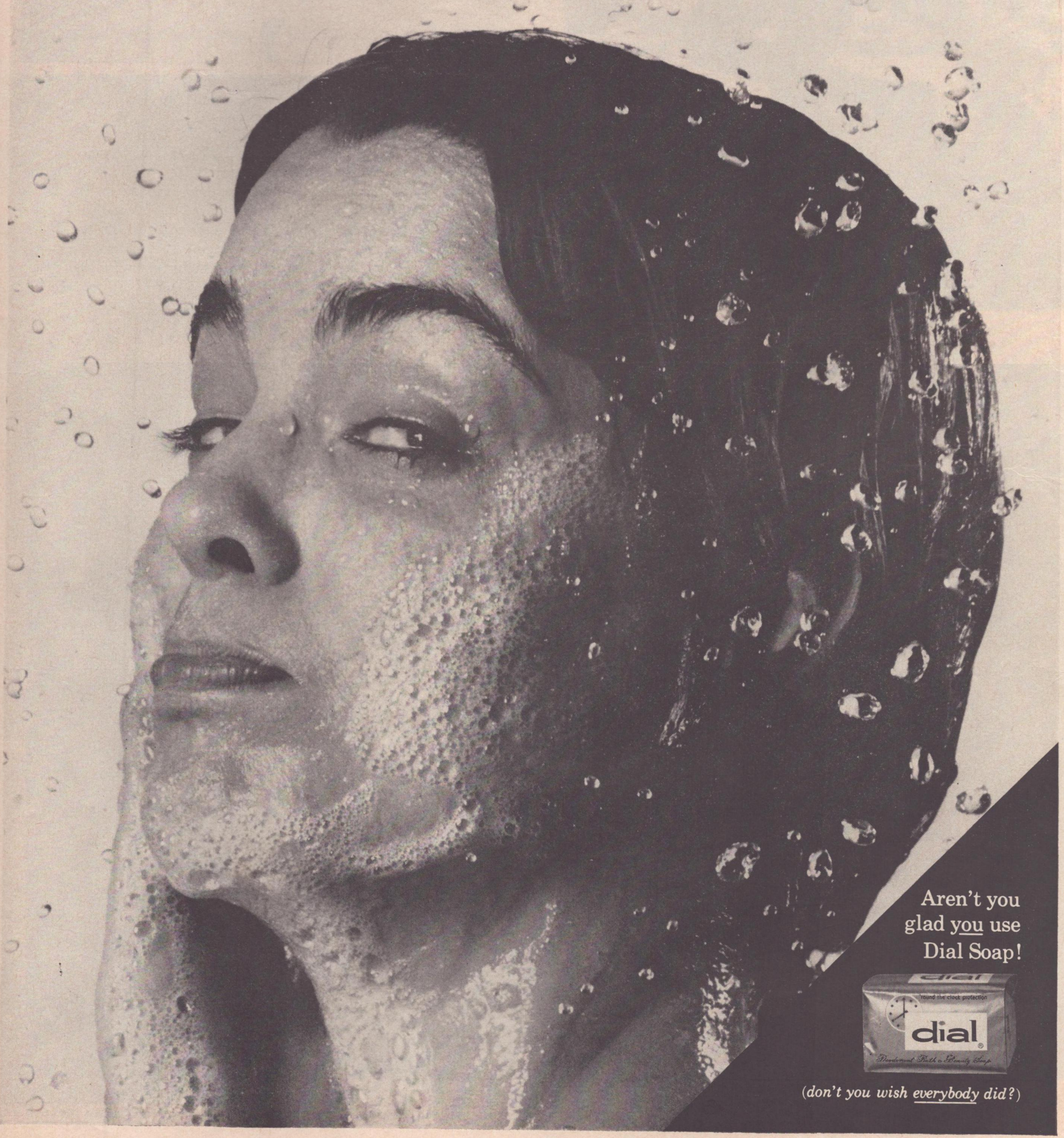
PRODUCED BY CHARLES MANGEL
PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAMES H. KARALES

continued

Smart Start. Dial in the morning keeps you fresh all day.

Because Dial with AT-7 removes the bacteria that cause odor.

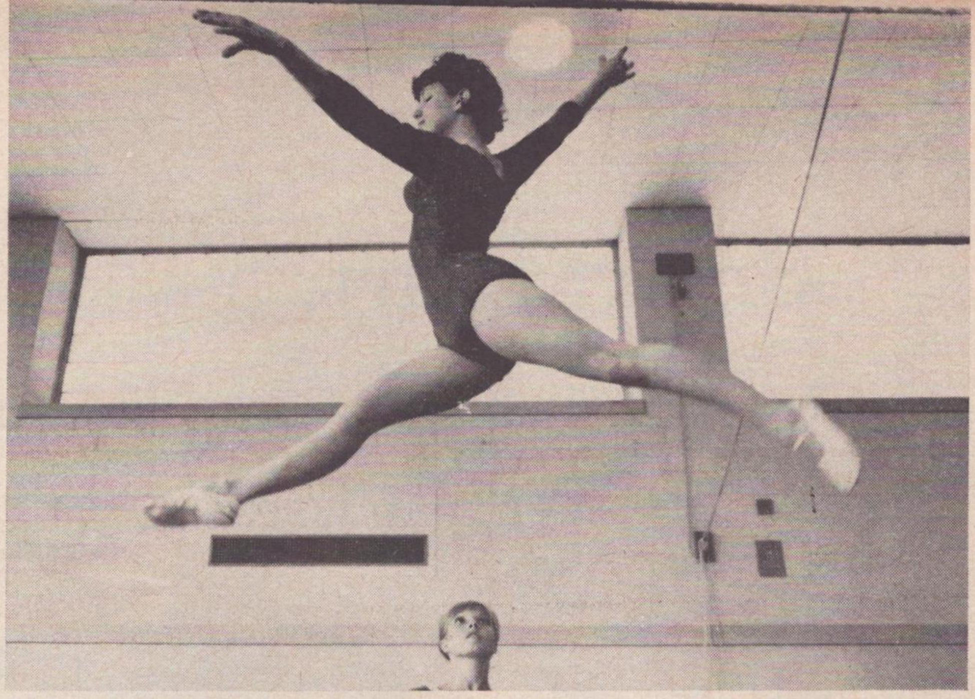
No other soap works so well, so long. Just Dial.


dial
round the clock protection
dial
Deodorant Bath & Beauty Soap

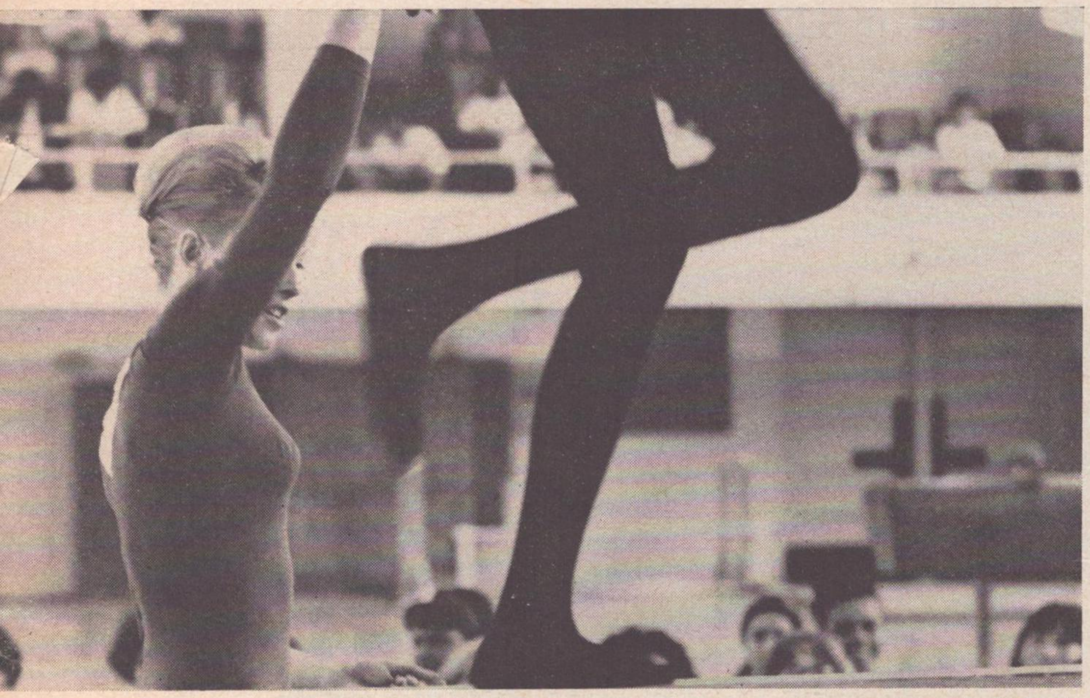
Aren't you
glad you use
Dial Soap!

(*don't you wish everybody did?*)

Girls (and boys) look at Muriel and get the message



Gloria Brunnhoelzl, 15, another junior gymnastic champion from Grand Avenue, performs a difficult split-jump movement on the balance beam.



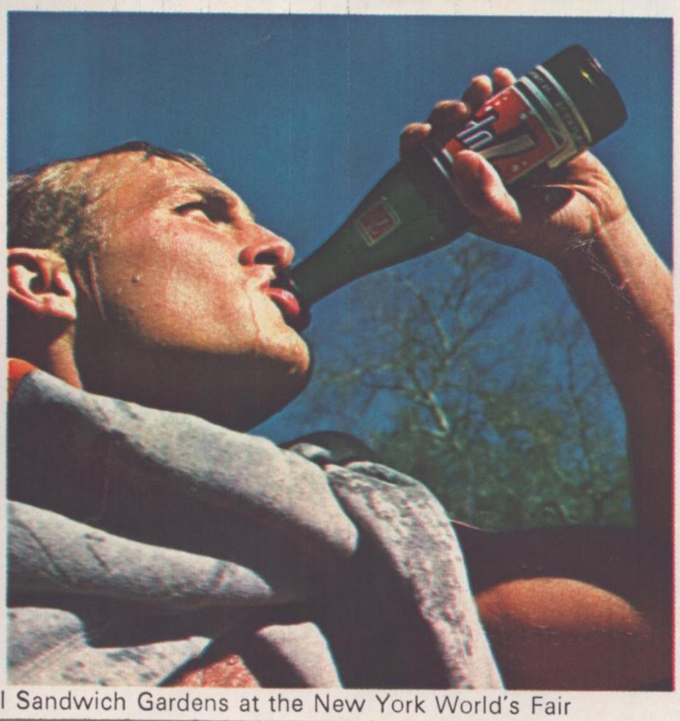
Even a simple skip across the balance beam at New York City's Julia Richman High calls for a steadying hand at first.

Teen-agers get Muriel Grossfeld's message. "If you want to look and feel better and have some fun," she says in city after city, "spend as much time with a sport you'll enjoy as you do on the telephone." The President's Council on Physical Fitness considers four out of five teens below satisfactory fitness standards. Girls are in flabbier condition than boys. They average 13 hours a week in front of a TV set, often skip breakfast, dream up fad diets and define sports as something that puts muscles where boys don't want them. To that, gymnast Grossfeld says, "Think so? Look at me." The girls look. What's more, they notice the boys are looking too.

Phoebe Smith, 8, a novice member of a gymnastic club in the Paterson, N.J., YMCA, learns about Olympian discipline.

7-UP... WHERE THERE'S ACTION!

Seven-Up is a real natural for the action crowd! It's got the sparkle that swings... the taste that's fresh and frisky . . . and the quick-quenching action to make thirst quit. Look for it. 7-Up . . . where there's action!



For fine food and entertainment—visit the 7-Up International Sandwich Gardens at the New York World's Fair

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YOU LIKE IT IT LIKES YOU

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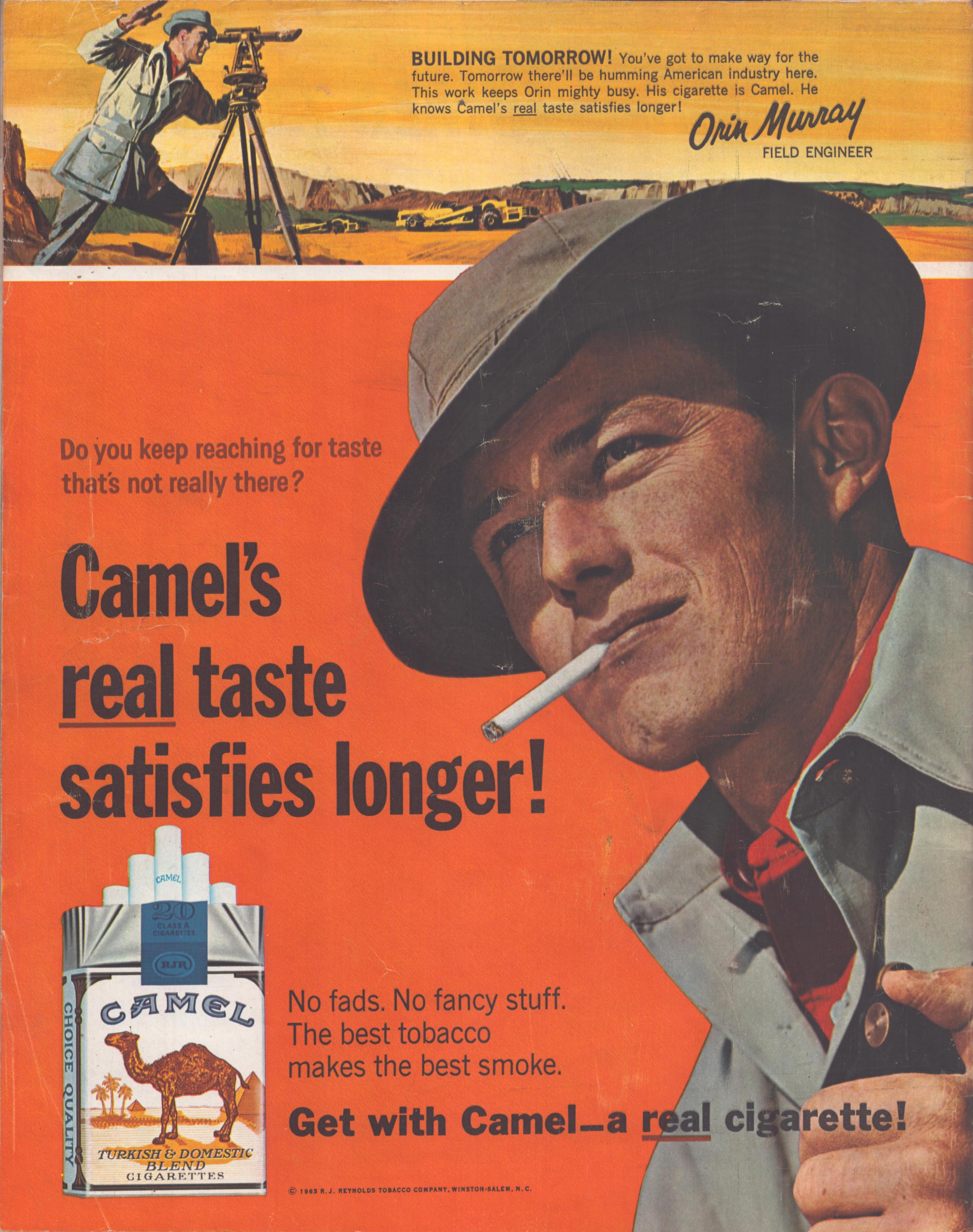
CAMEL
20
CLASS A CIGARETTES
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CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND
CIGARETTES

BUILDING TOMORROW! You've got to make way for the future. Tomorrow there'll be humming American industry here. This work keeps Orin mighty busy. His cigarette is Camel. He knows Camel's real taste satisfies longer!

Orin Murray
FIELD ENGINEER

Do you keep reaching for taste that's not really there?

Camel's real taste satisfies longer!

No fads. No fancy stuff.
The best tobacco
makes the best smoke.

Get with Camel—a real cigarette!

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